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New Republic

Dictators, Democrats, Feudal Lords ...but "Good Neighbors" All

ARMS AND THE RIO CONFERENCE—by Henry Wallace

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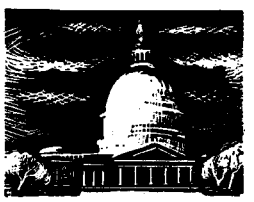
Washington Wire

How's Your Loyalty?

THE Washington Monument shimmers in August heat. The Lincoln Memorial is dim and cool as you step into it from the stinging sunshine. Congress has gone home, so Washington is deserted now. Nobody is here but a congressional investigation or two, some harried diplomats trying to promote national interests, and a quarter million government workers sweating in shirt sleeves under humming fans, doing odd jobs: trying to prevent a boom or bust; trying to prevent a war; trying to deliver fish eggs from a federal hatchery to that farmer in Watervliet, New York. They are working under a curious strain now, for their loyalty is being tested. There are jokes about it, ending with the punchline—"How's your Loyalty today?"



But underneath there is anxiety. That $11 million voted by Congress to ferret out subversives was no joke. See that little woman there, by the pillar, in a dark dress? She looks normal enough, doesn't she? But do you know what she's thinking: "I wonder if they're going to find out today about that vote I cast for Norman Thomas in 1928. Oh, dear, dear, why did I ever do it?" Washington has changed in small, curious ways from a year ago.

WHAT happened to the recession? This fallible column, along with economic writers of both business and labor, believed it was overdue. In fact, a reasonable readjustment between wages, profits and prices seemed something to hope for. Instead, there's a new inflationary whirl of pay and prices. What happened? The answer seems to be several things. Truman and Congress worked at cross purposes, the President trying to reduce prices by exhortation while Congress kept giving them inflationary shots in the arm. The Newburyport plan flickered out; floods threatened the corn crop just as foreign demand grew more insistent; steel turned a deaf ear to appeals to cut prices; John Lewis set off a new chain reaction by his coal contract; consumer goods continued in short supply.

Congress removed the brake from instalment buying, ended rent control, killed federal housing and made $2 billion worth of GI terminal-leave-pay bonds cashable this September. Some economists still sound faint warnings—mass purchasing power is slowing down, stores have filled their inventory pipelines, exports are tapering off due to dollar shortages, the volume of goods sold by department stores has dropped and now even their dollar value is less than a year ago. Does this spell imminent recession?

This column is proved to be no prophet and it can only say that now most opinions in Washington seem to have swung over to the other side—"eventually, but not now." Generally there is an added observation. When the inevitable price-wage-profit readjustment comes, it will come from a higher price level. The drop may be harder.

CORPORATE profits are getting bigger, not smaller, and surpass all previous records. The year 1945 showed corporate profits, after taxes, of $8.9 billion; they jumped last year to $12.5 billion, an increase of 40 percent, the highest in history. They have not stopped there. Up to midyear, 1947, they were proceeding at a rate of $17.4 billion, an increase of 40 percent over the—till then—record-breaking 1946 level. These figures sound almost unbelievable.

If you look through the midyear economic report of President Truman you will not find them. But you will find them in the statistical tables in-

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cluded in the appendix of the same report, where few reporters have the time to look. Yes, there it is, on page 62, table II; with a breakdown of profits by industries on page 78. The iron and steel industry, for example (which has just raised its prices) made a profit of $22 million after taxes in the first quarter of last year; this year the first quarter showed a profit almost six times as big, of $124 million. The jolly old capitalist system seems to be doing right well by our iron and steel industry, despite John L. Lewis!

Imagine the sensation Truman would have created with these figures if he had dragged them out of the appendix and put them at the forefront of the report. It is interesting to study the editorial treatment of the subject afer discovering the actual figures.

In the first economic report last January, Truman urged business to make price and wage concessions on the strength of its profit position and declared, "Business in general is receiving exceptional profits." This seems a masterly understatement if you have taken the trouble to find the actual figures in the appendix of the report.

Truman's July statement is even milder; he repeats his appeal to industry, but merely comments that corporate profits have now increased "above the record levels of the last quarter of 1946." It seems pretty evident that Truman doesn't want to hurt industry's feelings. Since he can't get Congress to help him curb profits, he has to try price control by exhortation. It's a swell trick if you can do it—and is as easy as opening an obstinate oyster with a wet bus ticket.

CONGRESSMEN appear to have a bucolic time during a recess—they inspect "the grass roots"; "repair fences"; put their "ear to the ground." It reminds us of the admiring comment made by one Senator about octogenarian Arthur Capper (R, Kans.), whose sensitivity to constituents' moods is proverbial. "Arthur is the only man," he observed, "who can get *both* ears to the ground."

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

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News in Focus

Truman Doctrine Price Tag?

HERE is something to watch for. A very high Greek military source reports privately that the US has broached to Greece's Foreign Minister, Constantin Tsaldaris, the proposition that Greece open up its eastern border to Turkish troops.

The suggestion is said to have been outlined to Tsaldaris at recent meetings in Athens attended by the US and Turkish Ambassadors to Greece, members of the US military staff and the Greek general staff. At the sessions, Tsaldaris was told that Turkish troops should be allowed to enter Greece between the Struma River and the Turkish border, ostensibly to defend Turkey's Moslem population against partisan warfare. Such a move would free Greek troops in the area to fight the guerrillas in central Greece.

In an effort to allay Tsaldaris' consternation at the thought of leaving the Greek-Bulgarian border in the hands of the Turks, the US representatives at the meetings were described as having offered to support Greek claims to Cyprus, now held by Britain. But the US promise on Cyprus was countered by Turkey's demand for a lease on the island of Castellorizo, scheduled for return to Greece by Italy under terms of the peace treaty. (Castellorizo is an important defense base for the Dardanelles.)

The Greek military informant reports that the discussions started up by the Athens meetings are continuing.

The Lady Regrets

AFTER American-born Lady Astor sailed for England, dockside reporters quoted her as saying:

"I do not care how many Jews are killed in Palestine . . . my only interest is in the number of innocent British who are slaughtered. . . . "

Subsequently Lady Astor radioed a denial saying she "deeply regretted" the "misquotations."

But in the midst of her deep regrets, Lady Astor did not get around to denying another of her quoted remarks that ran: "When the presidency of the United States depends on the Jewish vote in New York, I think that the condition stinks."

Coincidence, Perhaps

NOW that the GOP-directed Senate War Investigating Committee has disposed of Howard Hughes, Henry Kaiser and Elliott Roosevelt, its next step will be a September probe into the accounts of big corporations which lavished war profits on full-page political ads and then deducted the expenditures from their tax returns. (See Herblock cartoon, page nine.)

So far the only fully documented case ready for a hearing is on Abe Spanel's International Latex Corporation, which produced rubber life rafts, rubber boats and gas masks during wartime. Perhaps it is only a coincidence that Spanel is the only major US industrialist whose newspaper ads have consistently plugged a liberal point of view.

A Courageous Veto

PRESIDENT TRUMAN had three good reasons for vetoing the National Science Foundation Act of 1947: government allotments for scientific research would be removed from effective government control; there was no provision for social sciences; the patent provisions did not properly protect the investment of the taxpayer. He used only the first. Nevertheless he vetoed it and Congress had no chance to override. The "Ivy-League Lobby" (see the *NR*, August 4) will have to wait. Last-minute rushes in Congress can work good, too.

Toward Militarism

JUST before he became Secretary of War, Kenneth Royall issued a 46-page report on what he had accomplished as Undersecretary in 1946 and 1947. It gives a good idea of the extent to which the Army and Navy are hoping to control US economic life. According to Royall, the Army and Navy are going or propose to do the following:

¶ Of $10 billion worth of war plants, the military wants to retain $2.3 billion, and have a clause saying it can have back another $1.4 billion. It will keep a reserve of $350 million worth of machine tools.

¶ Under a proposed Munitions Control Act it seeks export control over articles "customarily used in the

Caricature of Royall by Seligson

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manufacture of implements of war" and articles "for use directly or indirectly by a foreign military establishment." Which, of course, means complete control of US foreign trade.

¶ Critical materials such as alloys, chemicals, rubber, fibers, ferrous and non-ferrous metals, textiles and non-metallic minerals will be stockpiled at the rate of half a billion dollars a year for five or six years. Purchases and stocks of such size in such broad categories will be a very important factor in our entire economy.

¶ Industrial mobilization, already well under way, means that the military is cataloguing all industry, working with industry committees to have things all lined up and even making prospective production allotments.

¶ There is a serious program underway to survey and buy old mines and caves and to build several experimental plants in them.

They Say Mr. Attlee Let Them Down

by Arthur Hepner

LONDON *(by wireless)*. – The British people were all keyed up for the inspiring economy recovery plan of their Prime Minister. They knew the chips were down; they knew their country was in the severest economic straits in its history; and though tired and worn out from years of war hardships, they were ready to save their country by sacrificing again. What they needed was aggressive leadership, and this they expected from their labor government. They are still waiting.

The day before Attlee's speech I roamed the London streets and talked with ordinary Britishers. Without exception they expressed grave concern over the state of Britain's economic plight. There was neither despair nor anger in their voices. It was great hope; it was the deeply rooted feeling that Britain must come through, with Attlee's speech serving as a rallying point.

Then Attlee spoke. And while the entire nation had been led by advance accounts to expect stern pronouncements, the speech came out with a mouse-like squeak. Attlee resembled Truman politely appealing to management to hold down prices and profits and labor to hold down its wage demands like nice boys. He spoke in toothless generalities.

WHAT was said was that imports must be cut, armed forces shaved, food rations trimmed, luxury meals pared; he urged added effort and longer hours from the workers and proposed a concentration of energies and industries to produce export. The filling in of the details was left to the people.

The man in the street was sorely let down, largely because no specific sacrifice was asked of capital. Leftist papers and leaders demanded heavy tithes on profits and managers, too. All they got was a promise of priority rations for workers in heavy industries and then only if available rations can be maintained. So the Leftists howled.

And the conservatives got in their licks, too. Eden described Attlee's speech as a "hotchpotch of certain cuts and uncertain hopes."

On the day after the speech, Commons debated the government's demand for extreme powers to cope with the crisis. Again no blueprint, with Morrison saying, "We've no preconceived notions as to precisely how we propose to utilize [this power]. What we need is the power."

Of course the Tories acted appalled. Winston Churchill, in his first appearance in the House after his operation, dug deep into his reservoir of rhetoric, saying the government wanted a "blank check for totalitarian government at the absolute discretion of the minister." One Labor MP termed Morrison's phrasing "unfortunate."

Perhaps one of the most significant sidelights of the Tory regard for Attlee's approach to the crisis was the conspicuous absence of Churchill from Commons on the day of the speech, although he had been well enough to berate the "socialists" without proposing any constructive program of his own two days earlier at a Tory rally.

The mood in Commons was somber, sort of an appropriate tone for Attlee's remarks and delivery, which the *Daily Telegraph* described thusly: "He looked and sounded desperately nervous throughout the opening sentences . . . he seemed oppressed rather than inspired by the expectant atmosphere . . . some of his most significant passages were spoken so quickly that their sense was not grasped until a second or two later . . . to suggest that the House, tense as it was, appeared to be stirred by any part of it would be false."

What does this add up to? Britain faces a future as uncertain as her past. If the answer is the government's program, it is apparently to be one of trial and error or a miracle pulled from the hat when least expected. Should the latter diagnosis be correct, the government had better dig into that hat immediately.

FOR the moment, despite the defection in Labor's ranks, despite Tory and Liberal opposition, the Attlee cabinet is well entrenched. But it is time for the consolidation of its position by positive action based on a spelled-out program. The fact is that many British workingmen were never better situated than now. They have higher wages and higher take-home pay. And even with rationing many buy more than before. Because of that, workers and their families continue to support the Labor government. If the expected economic collapse comes next winter, shutting the factories for lack of coal and raw materials, it will be another story. That is why the government must act with precision now.

Underneath all, the British worker is inclined to blame his plight on the US. It is not said in bitterness, but more in disappointment and pity. The workers thought that during the war Americans learned the need for world coöperation; they had thought the US remained linked with Britain. But now they feel deserted. They cite the harnessing terms of the Anglo-American loans whereby trade is restricted and their money's convertibility affected. The average literate worker, politically and economically speaking, talks these matters over the same way Americans talk baseball and sex. He is unhappy over American "immaturity" and over his let down by Attlee but he believes the time has come for Britain to work hard without depending on others more than is necessary.

Arthur Hepner is the CBS London correspondent.

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Royall did not mention that the Army and Navy will control the expenditure in fiscal 1948 of some $17 billion, or half the national budget. Man power is a "resource" which the Army and Navy would like to control, too. Universal military training has been held off so far, but it is still at the door.

In addition to these economic and social battle plans, the report contains many references to coördinating War Department committees and liaison officers with other branches of the government. It adds up to a growing suspicion in Washington that Royall would like folks to "clear things first with the Army."

WUXTRA!! US newspapers last week splashed headlines on an Associated Press dispatch quoting a Hungarian official, who had been interviewing PW's back from Russia, as saying that the Russians are still producing war materials. Very secret factories. At Kharkov the Russians are building tanks "bigger than anything seen during the war." At Kiev the main product is 30-cm. anti-aircraft rifles. At Leningrad they are even building "heavy machinery." A typical headline was the Washington *Post* screamer: "RUSSIANS STILL BUILD FOR WAR."

Truman's Helper

BOB HANNEGAN, a victim of high blood pressure, is ready to bow out as Democratic National Chairman, but before he goes he is making one last contribution toward reelecting Harry Truman. Hannegan is negotiating to hold the '48 convention in San Francisco as a lure to the Western states, who are dissatisfied with the Republican record on power and reclamation. If he succeeds, it will be one of the few times in recent months that anyone in the Democratic National Committee has been able to persuade the President to act in his own best interest as a candidate.

The Secretary of the Treasury, John Snyder, and the conservative Southerners are riding high. Their separate campaigns to oust Gael Sullivan, Hannegan's energetic, progressive-minded deputy, from the directorship of the Democratic National Committee is on the verge of success. The Southerners hate Sullivan for his support of anti-poll-tax and FEPC legislation and for his insistence on keeping a seat for labor and liberals around the party council table. Recently Snyder has struck twice where it hurt most.

The Democratic National Committee has been concentrating on getting back its control of patronage, disorganized ever since Jim Farley's departure. The committeemen were making progress with George Schoeneman, the President's anonymous assistant in charge of patronage. Then Schoeneman resigned and Snyder's former aide at the RFC, Donald Dawson, was named in Schoeneman's place.

Truman's second honeymoon with labor, which many people predicted would follow the Taft-Hartley veto, never came off. When efforts were made to bring Murray, Green, Whitney and Truman together after the veto message, Snyder encouraged Truman in nursing his grudge against labor leaders for their criticisms of him. When the National Committee finagled a joint invitation to Truman from the AFL and CIO to speak at Chicago's Soldiers' Field on Labor Day—an event which would probably have sent the Truman Futures market up—Truman refused it so he could fly down to Rio as John Snyder wanted him to do.

Hannegan and Sullivan will probably hand their resignations to the National Committee meeting, which is expected to take place in Washington in late September. The Southerners, led by Representative Sam Rayburn (Tex.), are confident that they will be allowed to dictate the choice of a new chairman. The broken-down Democratic organizations in precincts, courthouses and statehouses of the whole country cry out for reconstruction. A Southerner's choice for chairman would further alienate liberal forces. There is no sign yet of an uprising within the National Committee itself to prevent this kind of party suicide.

The Other Cheek

A QUIET, mannered man named E. S. Cooper, who teaches at a Jewish school in Iowa City, was standing in line at a coffee shop when he heard two Iowa University students make some coarse remarks about Jews. As he turned to look, the students spotted him and proceeded to beat him so severely that he had to be treated at the university hospital.

But the attempt of county attorney Jack White to investigate the incident has been blocked—strangely enough, by Cooper himself, who now refuses to name his assailants. He explains:

"Let us suppose that I was fool enough to prosecute these men against my better judgment and against my religious scruples. They would have been fined or imprisoned and perhaps expelled from school. Instead of remorse and genuine contrition, hate would have festered in them. . . . As it is, one of the men expressed his deep regret for the incident and promised to endeavor to be a good American with respect for all human beings. . . ."

Food and Politics

FIGURES published by the UN Food and Agricultural Organization show that food-deficit countries need 50 million tons of cereals in the crop year July 1, 1947, to July 1, 1948. There won't be that much available.

Last year, the food-deficit nations managed to stay alive by importing 28 million tons of cereals. But a killing winter in Europe, rust in India, drought in China and excessive rains in the US, plus the annual world-population increase of 15 to 20 million, have once more raised the ante. The US will probably be able to equal last year's 15 million-ton export. The Empire can still just handle England's cereal needs.

Two areas in the world have better crops this year than last—Russia and Argentina. Russia will have an exportable surplus—but how big, the FAO doesn't know. Argentina's potentialities are vague, too. Argentina's Peron regime has an export monopoly that operates on an utterly cynical determination to squeeze every possible cent from a starving world.

When it became known that Russia would be a grain exporter this year,

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the American press was quick to note that the surplus would be used for political purposes. But the idea that the US's cereal will be doled out solely according to need is naïve. Lots of people have their finger in the US cereal bowl for reasons that are not as reprehensible as those of Peron, but are about as ruthless as those of Stalin.

The Army, backed by Herbert Hoover, will seek generous outlays for Germany and Japan-Korea. The State Department, whose food policy consists almost entirely of rushing food to areas where trouble breaks out (*i.e.*, Communist Parties show strength), seems likely to allot generously to Italy and Greece.

The Scandinavian and Low Countries, where the Left is well under control, can expect to get just enough to hold the line. France is the great unknown. Her bread ration is right on the verge of collapse and her Communist Party is the strongest in Western Europe. Should the present government fail to meet the bread ration, it probably would be deposed by the Left.

That Washington will allow this to happen is unthinkable. But the grain necessary to prevent it—and to make the Marshall Plan more than a gesture—can come from just two sources: the quotas of our needy friends and wards abroad or our own overladen tables (average daily diet of the rest of the world, under 2,000 calories; US average, over 3,000).

UN Futures

SECRETARY GENERAL TRYGVE LIE has made public a report to the UN General Assembly on the architecture of the new world capitol to be built on the shore of New York City's East River. In tones suitable for the speaking of a parable, Lie expressed the view that the UN's new home would establish a brave new pattern for buildings in the future.

At the temporary home of UN at Lake Success, however, UN committees ran into difficulties that made the past seem like a shady lane and the future a rocky, thorn-spiked trail. Some thorny spots:

Atomic Energy Commission: Soviet delegate Andrei Gromyko gave advance warning that the USSR would not accept the new control plan as drafted by a majority of the commission's members. He also wrote a statement for the United Press in which he charged that the US was dogging the Soviet proposals because they would prevent a permanent US monopoly in the field of atomic energy. Not the USSR, but the US was responsible for delays, he asserted. Gromyko made his statement to the commission after the US, Canada, Belgium, China and Australia had rejected the Soviet proposal that atomic-energy activities be left in the hands of individual nations under the supervision of an international control body. US delegate Frederick Osborn saw "no hope" of reconciling the US and USSR plans, but British delegate Richard Miles announced that Britain, in an effort to clarify the issues, was sending to Moscow through the UN a questionnaire about details of the Soviet proposals.

Special Balkans Committee: Gromyko rejected a French compromise proposal to solve the deadlock on Soviet opposition to creating a UN "watchdog" commission to patrol the northern Greek border. French delegate Alexandre Parodi suggested that the UN subcommission now at Salonika be increased in size and kept permanently on the border. Colombia's delegate, Alfonso Lopez, warned the US against bringing the issue before the Assembly in September, arguing that failure to reach an agreement would hurt the Assembly's prestige.

Membership Committee of the Council: US delegate Harden Raynor, opposing admission of Soviet-sponsored Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary, expressed "serious doubts" about their ability to carry out obligations of the UN Charter. Soviet delegate Alexei Krasilnikov struck back with a statement that the US had no right to question the three nation's violations of human rights since, he said, the US was doing just that by the Taft-Hartley Act and loyalty checks on govern-

THIRD PARTY STIRRINGS

SAN FRANCISCO (*NR* correspondent).—A third party in California now looks like a sure thing, regardless of what leading Democratic liberals are able to achieve within the state Democratic Party. On August 24, trade-union leaders are meeting in Los Angeles with the intention of establishing the third-party machinery.

The decision to go ahead was taken at a meeting here attended by members of 16 union locals representing the Railroad Brotherhoods, AFL and CIO. It was sponsored jointly by two CIO unions—the Marine Cooks and Stewards and the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen.

After a three-hour discussion, the unionists unanimously decided to set up the machinery and to let the future determine whether or not it actually takes the field.

All trade unions in the state have been invited to send representatives and a seven-member interim committee, representing four AFL unions, two CIO unions and the Brotherhood of Railway Firemen, was appointed to plan the Los Angeles meeting.

CHICAGO (*NR* correspondent).—For more than 20 years, Republican and Democratic leaders in Chicago's Cook County have periodically convened a political weenie roast to decide on a "coalition" slate of nominees for the county's 21 federal judgeships. Out of all this the voter gets a single list of candidates. This November, however, the judicial elections promise to be less cut and dried.

Chicagoans are interestedly watching the development of a local third-party move. A group which calls itself the "Progressive Party" is in the midst of a drive to obtain the 103,000 signatures necessary to get its name on the county ballot—and voters tired of no-choice plebiscites are wishing them well.

Sponsored by the PCA, labor unions and various religious organizations, the "Progressive" judicial campaign looks like a trial run for 1948. Should they poll five percent of the vote, they will automatically become a recognized third party in crucial Cook County and ready to do business of national importance next year.

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ment employees. The application for admittance of Yemen was the only one which escaped either US or USSR opposition.

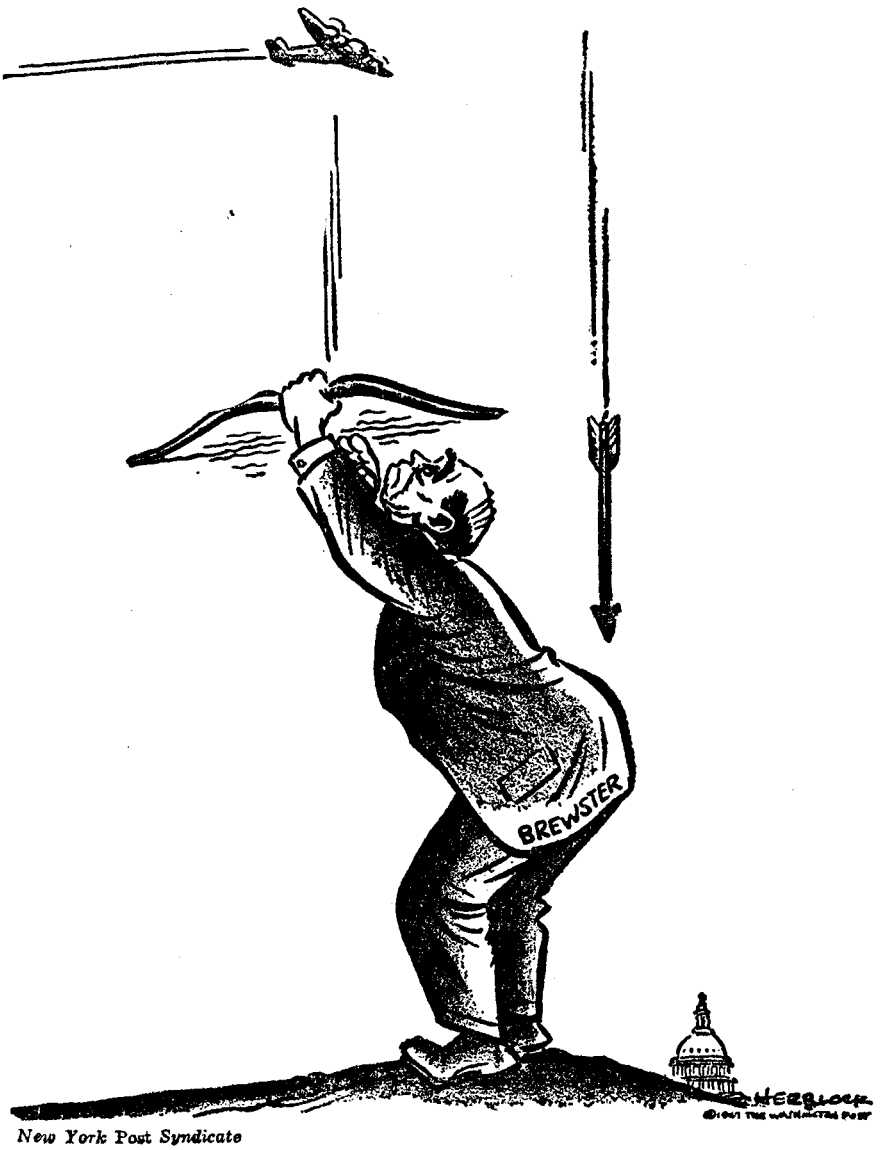
There also were difficulties in the making for the Security Council and the Assembly.

Council: Ex-Premier Sutan Sjahrir arrived as a special delegate of the Indonesian Republic to plead his people's case against the Dutch. British delegate Sir Alexander Cadogan marshaled new arguments against the formal Egyptian request that all British troops be withdrawn at once and unconditionally from the Egyptian Sudan.

Assembly: The Union of South Africa announced its rejection of the Assembly's request that it submit a trusteeship agreement for the territory of Southwest Africa which it has administered since 1920 under a League of Nations mandate.

Hope for Viet Nam

FORMER Premier Leon Blum, the veteran French socialist leader, in an editorial in *Le Populaire* has asked France to negotiate with Ho Chi Minh, the Viet Nam leader. That makes it likely that the Socialist Congress starting August 16 may heed demands for talks with Ho Chi Minh.



New York Post Syndicate

The esteemed Mr. Herblock comments on the Hughes-Kaiser-Elliott Roosevelt-Brewster affair, which now, happily, belongs to the ages.

Caravan Tryouts

DENVER (*NR* correspondent). – The Hollywood Civil Liberties Caravan, spearheaded by Robert W. Kenny, Joint National PCA chairman, and a group of stars, was well received in an experimental kickoff here Saturday night.

The rally was in coöperation with the Rocky Mountain Council for Social Action, a PCA affiliate. More than 2,000 people turned out on Denver's hottest summer night, at prices ranging from 50 cents to $1.50, and donated $800 from the floor. Paul Draper, the dancer; Larry Adler, the harmonica artist; and John Garfield carried the bulk of the show.

Denver's young mayor, Quigg Newton, welcomed the caravan and said the cause of civil liberties hadn't been in such jeopardy for 25 years. Other talks were given by Dr. Walter Orr Roberts, famous astrophysicist, and chairman Charles Graham of the Rocky Mountain Council.

The experience obtained in these shows will be used in cutting a pattern for a national caravan tour after September 18.

Shelley's Victory

SACRAMENTO (*NR* correspondent). – The election of John F. Shelley to the presidency of the California state Federation of Labor marks a victory for the AFL rank and file in the state which has been pressing for joint political action with the CIO. Shelley, the former state senator who has been active in organizing a San Francisco CIO-AFL political coalition (see the *NR*, August 11), won out by nearly three to one over Ken Bitter, an anti-CIO man who was backed by top state AFL executives.

CIO leaders feel that the most significant feature of Shelley's victory is that the voters at the state AFL convention were not rank-and-file men themselves, but rather a huddle of business agents and officials, used to handling things the administration way. But this time the pressure from down under was so strong that they had to yield to the boys who pay the dues. The delegates, however, defeated a resolution for a statewide CIO-AFL merger.

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Dictators and Democrats at Rio

IN advance of the Rio Conference, one of the prime worries of the US delegates, particularly those who, like Secretary Marshall, do not speak Spanish or Portuguese, was how they could occupy their time for the entire two weeks allotted this hemispheric love feast. The US carefully and painstakingly limited the Rio agenda to one topic—the Pan American Mutual Defense Treaty—excluding all other more troublesome issues. And the defense treaty was prepared in such detail that, barring unforeseen hitches, it will not absorb two weeks of discusssion.

The conference is a project dear to Marshall's heart and preparations for it have gone on for months in Washington, with the US trying to make sure that its hemisphere will make an impressive show of unity—impressive to whom can only be guessed. At the Pan American Union headquarters in Washington, debates sometimes grew sultry with Latin resentment of US strength. The draft treaty that was prepared and circulated among the Latin embassies is so watered down from its original military tone that it amounts to no more than an eloquent restatement of the principles of inter-American coöperation. In it the American nations agree to mutual consultation in event of attack or threat of attack from outside.

Consistently throughout the Pan American Union, discussions of more urgent problems, such as US economic aid to underdeveloped Latin American nations, were put over to the next inter-American conference, scheduled for January in Bogotá.

Among such anti-militaristic members as Mexico and Guatemala, this US policy has been, to say the least, unpopular. But Marshall's reasons have gradually become clear. Whereas previous agreements dealt chiefly with the situation created during the recent war, the Treaty of Rio deals, in principle, with events of the future. And Bogotá will take up the next practical step—how the US is to furnish arms. Meantime General Marshall's hand would be strengthened in trying to push through Congress his program for standardization of arms among all American republics.

Latins have been permitted to find out that the US Army, in conjunction with the State Department, has formulated a new interim arms policy covering the gap between the Rio meeting and the adoption by Congress (the Army hopes) of the standardization scheme. This policy is much more generous in selling arms to southern neighbors. Already Argentina, Brazil and the Dominican Republic have been able to profit by it.

The fact that US munitions makers also will profit gives Latins another clue to US motivation. The US Army is extremely anxious that munitions industries find a ready and continuing market for their products, so that, in case the US is involved in another war, it will have functioning munitions industries at its command.

Actually the Latins, with the exception of Dictator Peron and a few others, are less interested in buying arms than in getting economic assistance. Such considerations have been the prime bargaining point in pre-Rio negotiations. Eventually, help in building up industry may be the price demanded for military coöperation.

To US plans for a flawless Rio performance there has been only one threat—the possibility that the small nations still might insist on bringing up more pressing issues, such as Cuban anger over the new US sugar quotas. Cuban Ambassador Guillermo Belt, a delegate to Rio, is a conservative but, as an aspirant to the Cuban presidency, he knows a good issue when he sees one and he also knows Cuban workers are greatly exercised over the new quotas. If, however, everything goes according to US plans, the delegates will have too much time on their hands and the Latin Americans a lot of munitions on their hands, too.

Key to Check List

In the check list of Latin American republics on this and succeeding pages, each nation has been rated "good," "fair" or "bad" according to its observance of certain basic human freedoms. This is the key:

R = Freedom of religion, including the right of all religions to proselytize without government interference.

P = Freedom of the press, with emphasis on the degree of government control.

S = Free and universal suffrage, with emphasis on the regularity and honesty of elections.

W = Freedom of women to enjoy political, social and economic opportunities equally with men.

L = Freedom of legislatures to enact laws representative of the true will of the people.

E = Economic freedom, based on the rights of labor, farm, white-collar, professional and business groups.

C = Social progress, expressed in legislation and community action above action for special purposes.

M = Freedom of minorities, with special reference to opposition political groups and parties.

MEXICO —Pop. 25,000,000

R	*fair*	L	*good*
P	*good*	E	*good*
S	*good*	C	*good*
W	*fair*	M	*good*

MEXICO, inheritor of the Aztecs, shook off only in the last generation the curse of the oppressive official system left as a heritage by the Spanish conquistadors. For 35 years until 1911 Porfirio Díaz was a dictator, encouraging foreign investors, helping the upper classes grow wealthier, the peons becoming more enslaved than ever. In 1917, a convention called by Carranza adopted a constitution outlawing peonage, nationalizing Church property and minerals, granting social and labor rights. When Calles tried

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to enforce the Church laws, there was rioting and the US and Britain fought the expropriation of mineral and oil lands. Under Cárdenas (1934-40) the land reform was undertaken and labor under the leadership of Lombardo Toledano improved its conditions. Camacho and Alemán have continued the work of the revolution. Exchange of visits by President Truman and Alemán have confirmed good relations. At Rio, Mexico is expected to take a progressive attitude as she has in the UN.

CUBA—Pop. 4,780,000

R	*good*	L	*good*
P	*good*	E	*good*
S	*good*	C	*good*
W	*fair*	M	*good*

CUBA, the most Americanized, in the US sense, of the Latin American nations, is the world's largest sugar-cane producer and also exports fine tobacco. Cuba broke from Spain with US help but did not win full independence until 1934, when the Platt Amendment to the Cuban constitution was superseded by a reciprocal-trade agreement with the US. Cuba's economic life is at the mercy of the US, which buys a large proportion of the island's sugar. The regimes of Machado and Batista were dictatorships. President Grau San Martín was put in office by a fair election in which the people voted freely. Cuban resentment over the new sugar quotas imposed by the last US Congress is strong, but Cuba will send a representative to the Rio conference.

HAITI—Pop. 3,000,000

R	*good*	L	*bad*
P	*fair*	E	*bad*
S	*bad*	C	*bad*
W	*bad*	M	*fair*

HAITI, the land of voodoo, wanga and zombies, once a French sugar-plantation colony of Negro slaves, has a population 90-percent Negro, 10-percent mulatto with French blood. A poor, overcrowded agricultural country with a very low standard of living and a high illiteracy rate, it has had a succession of violent tyrannies. US Marines remained in Haiti from 1915 to 1934 to protect US interests and the US still keeps a fiscal agent in the country. Only literate property owners can vote—about one-tenth of the population. The present President, Estime, who succeeded Lescot, deposed by a coup, is expected to follow the US line at Rio.

DOMINICAN REP.—Pop. 1,800,000

R	*fair*	L	*bad*
P	*bad*	E	*bad*
S	*bad*	C	*bad*
W	*bad*	M	*bad*

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, whose capital city was renamed Ciudad Trujillo after four centuries as Santo Domingo, is an absolute dictatorship under the personal, ruthless control of President Trujillo and a small clique of wealthy men subservient to him. The population, more than 60 percent non-white, is largely made up of poor workers on the plantations and stock ranches owned by the Trujillo gang. Trujillo is expected to play Peron's game at Rio.

GUATEMALA—Pop. 3,400,000

R	*good*	L	*good*
P	*good*	E	*fair*
S	*good*	C	*fair*
W	*bad*	M	*good*

GUATEMALA, one of the banana republics of Central America where the United Fruit Company is a power of legendary importance, was ruled for many years by General Jorge Ubico, a dictator of the most extreme type. The Indians, who make up 65 percent of the population, live in cultural isolation (illiteracy rate: 70 percent) and under poor economic conditions. Ubico was overthrown in 1944. The Arevalo government has followed a democratic policy. Guatemala is expected to go along with the US at Rio.

EL SALVADOR—Pop. 1,900,000

R	*fair*	L	*fair*
P	*fair*	E	*bad*
S	*good*	C	*bad*
W	*bad*	M	*fair*

EL SALVADOR, the smallest of the Central American nations, lives by coffee. And the million workers of Negro, Indian and Spanish blood who cultivate 80 percent of her soil live very badly while the tiny ruling class grows ever wealthier. Long-term dictator Hernández Martínez was overthrown in 1945. His successor, General Castañeda Castro, probably will follow the US lead at Rio.

HONDURAS—Pop. 1,100,000

R	*fair*	L	*bad*
P	*bad*	E	*bad*
S	*bad*	C	*bad*
W	*bad*	M	*bad*

HONDURAS, almost the classical banana republic, depending almost entirely on a crop constituting about 65 percent of the nation's exports, is an absolute dictatorship run by General Tiburcio Carias Andino to the satisfaction of the United Fruit Company. He is the latest in a long series of dictators heading small cliques of whites and mestizos who exploit the plantation workers, mostly Indian and Negro. At Rio, as always, Honduras will go along with the US.

NICARAGUA—Pop. 1,014,000

R	*fair*	L	*bad*
P	*bad*	E	*bad*
S	*bad*	C	*bad*
W	*bad*	M	*bad*

NICARAGUA, a typical banana republic and a dictatorship, has a 70-percent, two-way trade with the US, exporting bananas and coffee. From 1912 to 1933, US Marines were in and out of Nicaragua, allegedly protecting US interests, policing elections, making governments favorable to the US, breaking those unfavorable. Gen-

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eral Anastasio Somoza, the dictator, went through the motions of yielding power, but when his hand-picked successor showed signs of experimenting with democracy, Somoza tossed him out of office and installed an obedient successor. The Pan American Union has barred the present Nicaraguan regime from participating in the Rio Conference.

COSTA RICA —Pop. 700,000

R	*good*	L	*good*
P	*good*	E	*good*
S	*good*	C	*good*
W	*bad*	M	*good*

COSTA RICA, the only country in the world with more teachers than soldiers, was considered a model of Latin American democracy until a recent political campaign produced armed clashes. Costa Ricans are fined for not voting in elections. The nation has socialized medicine, old-age pensions, a wide distribution of land. Costa Rica will support the US at Rio.

PANAMA —Pop. 636,000

R	*good*	L	*fair*
P	*good*	E	*fair*
S	*good*	C	*fair*
W	*bad*	M	*good*

PANAMA, in whose economy the Panama Canal plays a major role, was given her independence from Colombia through the intervention of President Theodore Roosevelt. Recently she has been making strides toward political democracy. A constitution adopted last year—the third in the nation's history—guarantees all the democratic freedoms. The US is sure of Panama's vote at Rio.

VENEZUELA —Pop. 3,840,000

R	*good*	L	*good*
P	*good*	E	*fair*
S	*good*	C	*fair*
W	*bad*	M	*fair*

VENEZUELA, the land of the third-richest oil field in the world, gave the world both Simón Bolívar, the liberator, and Juan Vicente Gómez, the prototype of the Latin American dictator. The bulk of the nation's oil is controlled by Standard Oil of New Jersey, Gulf Oil and Royal Dutch Shell, chiefly financed by British and Dutch interests. The cost of living is the highest in Latin America, but Venezuela in recent years has moved toward greater economic and political democracy. President Medina was overthrown in 1945 and the next year the Leftist Democratic Action Party won at the polls. Venezuela is expected to take a progressive stand at Rio.

COLOMBIA —Pop. 9,500,000

R	*fair*	L	*good*
P	*good*	E	*good*
S	*good*	C	*good*
W	*bad*	M	*good*

COLOMBIA has emerged as one of the most liberal and democratic of the American nations from a long period of desperate civil strife between conservatives and anti-clerical liberals. There is no color line—the population is only 20-percent white, 70-percent mestizo—but Indians of the interior and Negroes of the coast participate little in political life. Colombia is a large producer of coffee, bananas, oil, minerals, but the standard of living is low. Colombia probably will support the US at Rio.

ECUADOR —Pop. 3,086,000

R	*fair*	L	*fair*
P	*fair*	E	*bad*
S	*fair*	C	*bad*
W	*bad*	M	*fair*

ECUADOR, still predominantly Indian, is rich in undeveloped minerals but outside of a few wealthy families, the whole population is desperately poor. Velasco Ibarra was chosen as President by a revolutionary junta that deposed Arroyo Del Rio. Ecuador gave the US the use of naval bases during World War II. She is not expected to make any trouble for the US at Rio.

BRAZIL —Pop. 45,000,000

R	*good*	L	*good*
P	*good*	E	*fair*
S	*good*	C	*fair*
W	*bad*	M	*fair*

BRAZIL is larger than the US and potentially one of the richest countries on earth. Despite enormous potential wealth and great productivity (more than 69 percent of the world's coffee), Brazil is backward economically. With US help, industrialism is increasing. There are large Indian and Negro populations; no racial distinction is made. In World War II, Brazil provided the US with air-transport bases, furnished supplies, sent an expeditionary force to Italy. During his long period as president, Getulio Vargas conducted a regime with fascist leanings. He was forced from office by the army in October, 1945, and Brazil returned to constitutional democracy under President Dutra, a general. The Communist Party started to grow and Dutra outlawed it. Brazil is Argentina's great competitor in military power and has the sympathetic friendship of the US government. Brazil's Foreign Minister Fernandes, an ardent friend of the US and a strong believer in Pan Americanism, will undoubtedly support the US at Rio.

PERU —Pop. 7,025,000

R	*fair*	L	*fair*
P	*fair*	E	*bad*
S	*fair*	C	*bad*
W	*bad*	M	*fair*

PERU, land of the Incas, has in modern times fallen far below the cultural, social, economic levels of the ancient communal civilization. Of the 10 million Indians conquered by Pizarro, less than half survived, and whereas poverty was practically unknown under the Incas, it is the rule today. A wide gulf separates the Indians of the mountains from the wealthy ruling clique of Lima. The British own the railways, US capitalists the mineral output, oil and other sources of wealth. The Aprista move-

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ment led by Haya de la Torre called for emancipation of the Indians and their economic enfranchisement. President Bustamante, despite personal opposition, will be forced by US economic dominance of his country to go along with the US at Rio.

PARAGUAY – Pop. 1,141,000

R	*fair*	L	*bad*
P	*bad*	E	*bad*
S	*bad*	C	*bad*
W	*bad*	M	*bad*

PARAGUAY, one of the smallest of the Latin American nations, is one of the most backward and by all odds the most violent and bloody. Her poor population, largely Guaraní Indian, lives under primitive conditions. Paraguay is the classic country of wars and dictators. In a war against Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay, the population was reduced from one million to 170,000 women and 28,000 males, mostly boys and old men. Since then Paraguay has been a land where women do most of the work. The present dictator, Higinio Moriñigo, is now fighting off a rebellion. Paraguay may follow Argentina's lead at Rio.

URUGUAY – Pop. 2,250,000

R	*good*	L	*good*
P	*good*	E	*good*
S	*good*	C	*good*
W	*bad*	M	*good*

URUGUAY, the smallest of the South American republics, is the most advanced culturally, politically, economically. Democratic Uruguay has nationalized most of her basic industries, installed pensions, health insurance, controls of wages and hours. Originally coveted by both Argentina and Brazil, Uruguay became independent on the insistence of the British that the Plata be kept open as an international river. The nation's traditions are firmly democratic, her economic life on a level comparable to the best in the world. At present Uruguay's great worry is Peron's intentions. She considers strong friendship with Britain and US her best defense, hence probably will go along with the US at Rio.

BOLIVIA – Pop. 3,000,000

R	*good*	L	*fair*
P	*fair*	E	*bad*
S	*fair*	C	*bad*
W	*bad*	M	*fair*

THIS tin country is a land of desperate poverty for all but a tiny proportion of the population of three million, and of fantastic wealth for a handful of tycoons of Spanish, German, Italian descent. Ninety percent of the Bolivians are Indians or mestizos working in the mines or living as peons on the great haciendas. The latest of a long series of dictators, Villarroel, was hanged in Mussolini-like fashion by workers and students. The Gutiérrez government (formed August, 1946) has been adhering to democratic forms. But Peron's influence has been making headway and democracy depends on US counter-influence. Bolivia probably will support the US at Rio.

CHILE – Pop. 5,200,000

R	*good*	L	*good*
P	*good*	E	*good*
S	*good*	C	*good*
W	*bad*	M	*good*

CHILE has the largest nitrate deposits in the world; produces 20 percent of the world's copper; has one of the largest infant-mortality rates in the world and, in spite of this, is more advanced in social legislation than any other country in the Americas, including the US. Mineral resources are mostly foreign-owned, largely by US capitalists. Chile recently suffered economic difficulties which may force her to grant Argentina economic concessions in exchange for a loan. Influential forces flirted with the Axis during the early part of World War II, but Chile changed direction after the election of a Radical Party government. President González Videla's government, as far left as any in the hemisphere, originally had three Communists in the cabinet, but they are now on the side lines. Chile probably will support the US at Rio.

ARGENTINA – Pop. 14,000,000

R	*fair*	L	*bad*
P	*bad*	E	*fair*
S	*bad*	C	*fair*
W	*bad*	M	*bad*

SECOND largest country in Latin America, Argentina leads all the rest in material progress and in political reaction. It has the highest proportion of white inhabitants (98 percent), fertile, sparsely settled pampas of the Gauchos, and the teeming city of the *porteños,* who gave the world the tango and the gigolo (Buenos Aires and adjacent towns: population, 3.5 million). Wealthy, blue-blooded Argentines, Bourbon then as now, were lukewarm to the liberation from Spain accomplished by José de San Martín in 1810. In 1946, Colonel Peron became President. He is fashioning a fascist-type dictatorship patterned on the Franco regime in Spain. He is supported by the wealthy Bourbons, the Church, the army, and the *descamisados* (shirtless ones) to whom, in the classic fascist pattern, he has paid court. He has purged schools, courts, newspapers; taken control of labor unions; curtailed the right of assembly. He is building up a goose-stepping army, carrying out a five-year industrial plan designed to strengthen war power, using the nation's huge beef and wheat output as a club over neighbors. Argentina in World War II harbored swarms of Nazi agents, plotted with them to set up pro-Axis dictatorships in other American states, and entered the European war only in the final weeks. With US help, Argentina got into UN, but when the Assembly asked members to recall envoys from Madrid, Peron sent a new Ambassador. Argentina wants a single-nation veto power over any action to be taken under the treaty adoptable at Rio. Peron probably will support the US treaty project at Rio because it will get more arms for him and his Buenos Aires-Madrid axis.

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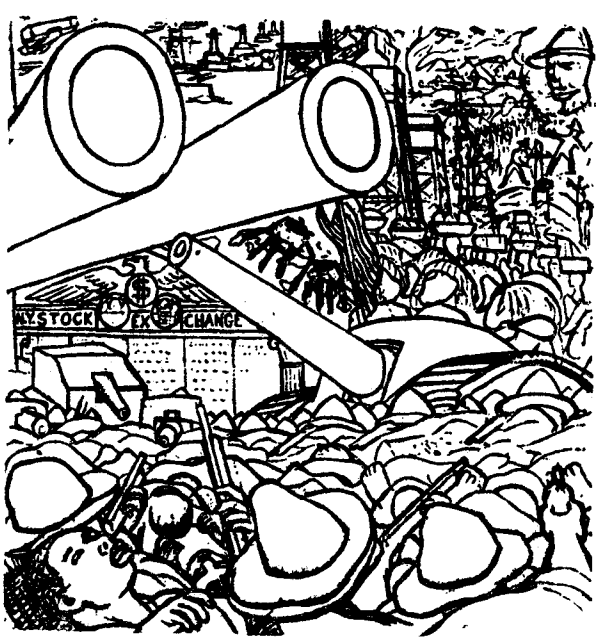
Henry Wallace

Latin America and Unified Armaments

LATIN AMERICAN liberals have long fought the Monroe Doctrine, especially from the time of Theodore Roosevelt. Again and again they have seen the US using the Monroe Doctrine as an excuse to intervene in their internal affairs, sometimes with customs-house officials and at other times with the Navy or Army. Recent events have caused Latin Americans to feel that there is danger that the "Monroe Doctrine complex" in US psychology will grow by leaps and bounds.

The US proposal to unify the armaments of all the Americas has rightfully frightened not only Latin American liberals but many others as well. The whole matter now comes up in a very positive way partly because continental unification of American armaments will be one of the chief items of legislation to be pushed in the next session of Congress and partly because it will be one of the items to be discussed either at the present Rio Conference or at Bogota in January, 1948.

It is claimed that the Act of Chapultepec proclaiming the solidarity of the Americas against all aggression must be implemented by unified armaments. I deny that the originators and signers of the Act of Chapultepec had in mind the idea of a unified-arms program for the hemisphere and most certainly they did not envision such a program directed from Washington.



Courtesy Museum of Modern Art From a mural by Diego Rivera

Unquestionably the authors of the collective-security feature of the Act of Chapultepec were Eduardo Santos, former President of Colombia and Franklin Roosevelt. Santos gave the complete documentation in an article last April in the magazine *Revista de America.*

In the article Santos speaks of his fear that the Latin American Republics will take on themselves a burden of armament which they cannot afford, a degree of armament which will perpetuate petty tyrants in power. He mentions a conversation which he had as President-elect of Colombia with Sumner Welles in 1937. Welles had suggested the possibility of lending certain warships to Latin American nations. Santos replied: "Don't do this evil to us. The course of armaments is like the vice of morphine. Once begun the cure is almost impossible. You will ruin us with cruisers and create for us new problems. Among nations heavily armed, peace is precarious, because there is always someone with the desire to try out the armaments and obtain from them some advantage."

It is to Welles' credit that he agreed with Santos at that time.

Santos then goes on to raise the question as to whether the signatories at Chapultepec had the idea that inter-American solidarity meant unified armaments to back up US foreign policy. He fears that a single motorized division or a second-class battleship would sink the budget of most Latin American countries.

Santos is a true friend of the US. Make no mistake about that. He is willing to go the limit to repel aggression anywhere in this hemisphere whether the aggression comes from within the hemisphere or from without. But he doesn't believe that the implementation of inter-American solidarity can be had by unification of modern armaments. Down that path lies bankruptcy for Latin America. He expresses surprise and alarm that Argentina within three years should have increased her armaments threefold.

Every Latin American at Rio must ask whether Pan Americanism is being transformed into a military adventure to follow the US wherever it chooses to

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go. Spruille Braden has warned of the danger in such a course, saying, "The militarization of Pan Americanism means its destruction."

Secretary Marshall has said the US must arm Latin America or other powers will. What other powers? If this is a real fear, the US should propose to the UN and push for passage, through both the security Council and the Assembly, a resolution that no nation can ship any arms larger than rifles outside its own borders and that if any nation does so, such shipment will be looked on as an act of aggression requiring prompt punitive action. Our hopes for peace cannot be based on increasing the power of military leaders.

The military caste of Latin America has traditionally been one of the principal sources of backwardness. The rivalry of various generals and military cliques has wasted the substance of Latin America and contributed to social instability and petty tyranny.

Of course a treaty of mutual defense should be concluded at Rio. But that doesn't mean a military program for unifying armaments. Such a program will strengthen every anti-democratic regime. It will consolidate the power of General Peron in Argentina, General Dutra in Brazil, General Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, General Carias in Honduras and General Somoza in Nicaragua, and play into the itching hands of the military everywhere.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT looked on the Act of Chapultepec on behalf of collective security as a juridical commitment designed to reduce, not increase, the burden of military armaments. Action by the US Congress to militarize Latin America with US arms and under US guidance is not the proper implementation of the Act of Chapultepec. If we are interested in peace, democracy and a higher standard of living for the peoples of this hemisphere, we must, at the Rio Conference, see that a mutual and collective defense treaty is drawn and signed in the original spirit of Chapultepec.

Certainly no Latin American country, unless it is interested in dictatorship, can subscribe to the Truman Doctrine which is the Monroe Doctrine transferred to Europe. Surely no Latin American country wants to be the military tail to the US kite as it soars and plunges all over the world in a frightening display of power politics.

Mutual defense is one thing. Worldwide military adventure is another. It is possible, of course, that Argentina, like Spain, would like to see the US pursue a course against Russia which would risk war; and, perhaps, the militaristic and conservative elements in many Latin American countries would like to see unity of armaments and vigorous prosecution of the Truman Doctrine. But I can't believe that the ordinary people of Latin America as I know them are going to fall for "unified armaments" and the Truman Doctrine.

I realize that Latin American diplomats have the greatest hesitancy in going counter to the slightest suggestion from the US. The time comes, however, when world welfare is supreme. This is such a time.

At Rio important Latin American voices should stress the fundamental problems of the continent, as Hernan Santa Cruz of Chile did recently in urging the UN to create an Economic Commission for Latin America. He emphasized that the Latin American economy as a whole is still primitive and semi-colonial and that approximately 65 percent of the total population is engaged in agriculture. The primitive state of the Latin American economy, Santa Cruz pointed out, can be judged by its exports and imports. Its exports are almost exclusively minerals and agricultural products, plus an insignificant quantity of manufactured goods. For its very existence it must depend in large part on importing vital manufactured necessities.

Latin America's principal problem in international trade is that facing much of the rest of the world. Latin America needs dollars. During the war the Latin American republics accumulated some dollar reserves from the sale of raw materials vital to the war effort, but price increases have reduced by almost one-half the value of these dollars. This in turn has accelerated internal inflation and "has forced the cost of living up to unbelievable levels." The cost of living coupled with very low wages is producing a major crisis in the lives of tens of millions of our neighbors to the South. Santa Cruz noted that "two-thirds of the population, if not more, are undernourished to the point where people are dying of malnutrition in many regions."

THE problems of increasing industrialization, of international trade and dollar shortages, of inflation and slave wages, cannot be solved with armaments. Let the Latin American delegate at Rio point out that unified armaments will not help the 75 million Latin Americans suffering from infectious diseases or illnesses resulting from deficiencies in living conditions; nor reduce the 50-percent illiteracy. Let them say that Latin America cannot afford the burden of armaments; and that if we have wealth to distribute, they would prefer tools and medicine to guns and ammunition; and that if we have men to spare, they would prefer technicians and doctors to generals and admirals.

They can and should rightfully insist that the heart of mutual defense is the mutual welfare of the peoples of the hemisphere.

H. W.

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"I'd Like to Take It Easy"

by Seymour Nagan

But Billy Cooke, retired with a pension after thirty-five years at GE, is out hunting odd jobs to make ends meet

WILLIAM J. COOKE is a short, white-haired, bouncy little Scotsman whose chief interest today lies in fighting for better pensions for retired employees of the General Electric Company. Once a month he meets in Schenectady, New York, with about a hundred other sexagenarian members of the GE Pensioners' Club, to plot campaign strategy. At all other times, Billy Cooke is on his own, fighting with a fervor born of unrelenting need.

He is one of several million—the pensioners of American industry. His company is fairly typical of great concerns in its retirement policies. Billy Cooke's story is an ordinary one; he belongs to the army of aging, small-fixed-income people who are the forgotten men of inflationary 1947.

One summer's morning in 1910, just three days after he arrived from Glasgow, he reported for work at the sprawling General Electric apparatus plant which dominates the city of Schenectady. For the next 35 years—practically all his adult life—he remained with GE, working in various departments of the same plant. Then in April, 1945, Bill Cooke retired. He looked forward to a period of worry-free rest and, on paper, he was to have it. Yet, as Billy says, with a Scotsman's eye on the cost, "I'd like to take it easy, but I just can't afford it."

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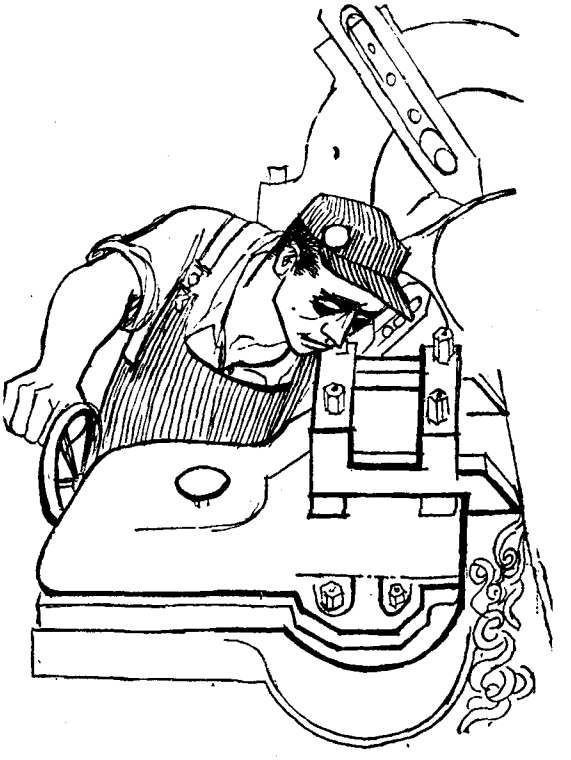
The reason why Cooke can't take it easy after 35 years of work at GE is that the pension which the company pays him amounts to just $66.04 a month. Deducting $2.40 for the $2,000 in life insurance he carries under the company's group-policy plan, he receives a net of $63.64 monthly. Bill feels he is lucky that his four kids are now old enough to look out for themselves. That leaves the whole of his pension for his wife and himself. But even so, it is barely enough to pay for food for two at present prices—let alone rent, clothing or medical expenses. "My missus is Scotch like me," Cooke says. "If she can't make out on $63.64, nobody can!"

What has so far kept Cooke out of debt is the state unemployment-insurance allowance he receives because of the two jobs he held last year. These payments will not continue forever. Cooke does not know how he will replace them. But he is determined that he will—by getting some work, somewhere. "There are 14 GE pensioners in the county poorhouse and 600 more on relief," he says, "and I don't intend to join them."

If things had gone differently, Billy Cooke might now be the proprietor of a large haberdashery back in Glasgow. His father had built up the family tailoring shop to a point where it employed 14 operators. Billy was supposed to follow in the parental footsteps. But he was a rabid soccer fan and played with a local team. The long hours working for his father interfered with his game. So when it came to a choice between business or soccer, he rebelled and chose the latter. "In Glasgow," Bill remembers, "everyone fights for what he wants."

Happy as apprentice

WHEN Bill found that metal working would leave him plenty of time for his avocation, he became an apprentice for a Clydeside shipbuilding firm. Then, in nearby Paisley, he met and married Margaret Mitchell. In 1910, a letter from a brother-in-law in Schenectady caught his fancy. He always had had a notion to visit the United States, so he and Margaret packed, practically on the spur of the moment, and headed for America. There were then (and still are) only two firms of any consequence in Schenectady: GE and the American Locomotive Company. Bill walked into the GE personnel office, stated his



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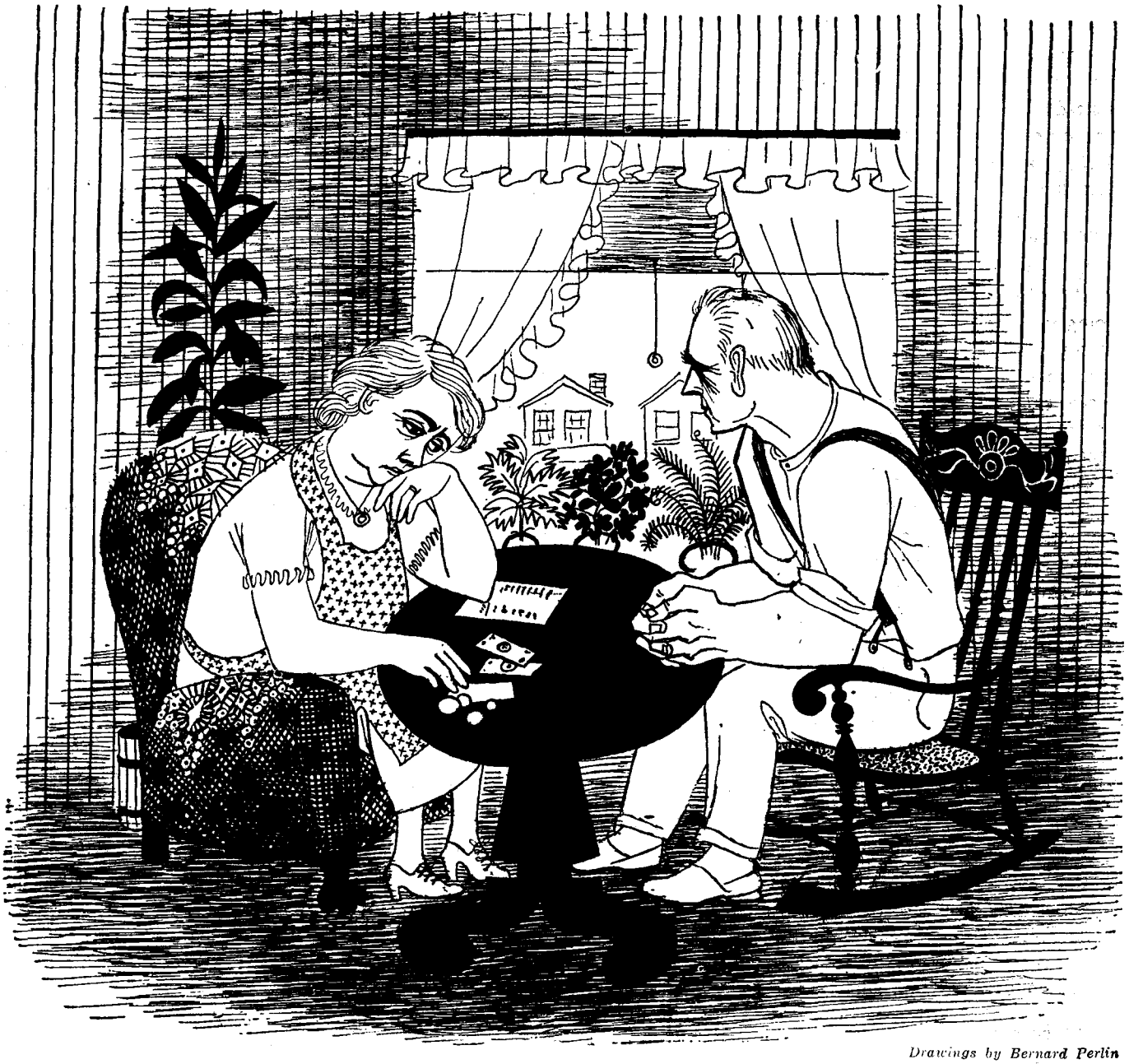

Drawings by Bernard Perlin

qualifications and walked out with a job.

Cooke spent his first year at GE as a lathe operator and afterward put in three more years on a horizontal-boring machine. Then, because his foreman wanted to give Bill's job to a friend, Cooke was transferred to the night shift and assigned to repairing machine tools. Apart from the irregular hours, against which Mrs. Cooke regularly rebelled, the job had another drawback. Bill frequently had to repair equipment that was still in operation. "Crawling around inside generators and stamping presses, it's a wonder I wasn't electrocuted," he says.

A year later, Bill was back on days, as a lathe worker again. After ten years of this, he was transferred to the toolroom, where he worked on jigs and fixtures. By this time, he was making 82 cents an hour, one of the highest rates GE was then paying. This meant Cooke was getting almost $40 for a 48-hour week. Compared with most of the other men, he was sitting pretty.

From the AFL to the CIO

Over the years, Bill Cooke was a good union man. Back in Glasgow, he had belonged to Britain's Amalgamated Society of Engineers. At Schenectady, he was a member of the AFL toolmakers' union until its disintegration in 1924. Two years later, he was one of those who voted approval of a company-dominated "Works Council" plan—"largely because there wasn't anything else." Having accepted this substitute for a union, Cooke tried to make it work. As council secretary, he was quick to follow up grievances. He would get into the middle of a dispute between worker and foreman and end up in the soup himself. "The foremen," he recalls, "were always telling me to mind my own business."

During the depression, GE slashed wage rates sharply. Cooke took an active part in a walkout that was unsuccessful. This convinced him and many of his co-workers that a strong union was necessary. In 1937, he helped organize Lo-

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cal 301 of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, CIO. The union worked out well; it was responsible for a steady rise in his hourly wages. When he retired in 1945, he was earning $1.23½ an hour for a 40-hour week—$2,600 a year.

The good life

DURING Bill's years at GE, the Cookes managed to get by without going into debt, largely because Margaret was so frugal. She shopped carefully and did all her own baking, except for bread. She made sure that the children never went without milk, though that usually meant less meat. She did all the family's laundry in a washing machine bought on the instalment plan out of her household economies.

The Cookes bought their house on time payments years ago. They have a six-room frame cottage on Ulster Street, in the respectable boulevard section of Schenectady. A garage out back houses their old Ford. The rooms are small and are papered in a candy-stripe design that was popular in the twenties. An old-fashioned chime clock that really works sits on the mantel over the fireplace, which is seldom used because of the high price of wood. The furniture, never expensive, and now worn-out, is covered with neat white antimacassars, and potted plants stand in corners or on window sills. It is a house that has seen a lot of warm, though necessarily plain, living.

Looks back with pride

WHEN Bill Cooke looks back across the years, as he and Margaret frequently do now that their youngest has left them, he can't help but feel a tiny glow of pride. He raised four fine children, two of whom are now working for GE. He has a solid position in the community and the respect of all who know him. The Cookes belong to the local Baptist Church. Mrs. Cooke, now a stout, motherly woman who speaks with a burr undiminished by almost four decades in America, is a board member of the United Scottish Clans. All in all, things worked out well for the Cooke family and Bill has never had occasion to regret leaving Scotland. Never, that is, except during the two years since his retirement.

In the last two years there has been one compelling fact in the life of Bill and Margaret Cooke that dominates all others. It is, simply, that $63.64 a month is not enough to keep two people supplied with even the barest necessities of life. From this sheer inadequacy, the Cookes have been forced to resort to a kind of budgeting in reverse. First, they calculate their absolute minimum requirements; then they deduct Bill's pension; and, finally, they set about to raise the difference, which is usually considerable.

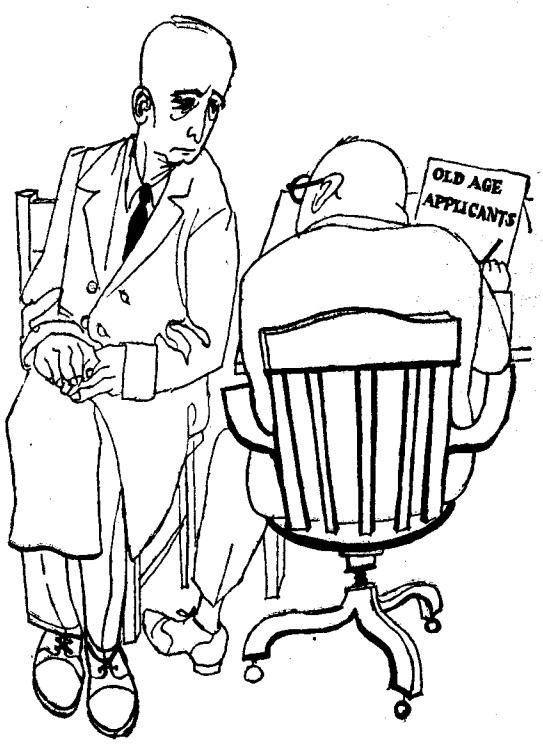
Their budget for a typical month—expenses like illness are just not permitted to interfere—is something like this:

Food	$ 66.00
Taxes	17.00
Gas and electricity	5.00
Coal	11.40
Insurance (fire, etc.)	8.90
Sundries	10.00
Total	$118.30

There is no provision for clothing, dental work, pocket money, gasoline for the eight-year-old car or savings for an emergency less than death. The fact that Cooke owns his own home makes his shelter practically free—except for taxes and repairs. Even at that, taxes take a relatively large bite. As for repairs, Cooke ignores them; his house already needs more than $1,000 worth. If you point out that clothing, medical expenses and urgent repairs should rightly be budgeted as necessities, Cooke stubbornly shakes his head. "I just can't afford to look at it that way," he says.

At the end of every month, when his pension check comes in, Bill Cooke is automatically in the red by at least $55. Meeting this deficit is a job that keeps him as busy now as he ever was—even when he was serving as secretary of Local 301 and, in addition, held down a full-time job in the plant. He won't permit his children to contribute to his support. ("With living costs rising faster than pay, they have enough trouble making ends meet.") So he has been taking odd jobs where he can find them. For a while last year, he was employed as a materials checker on a construction job five miles outside of Schenectady. It paid $42 a week, but lasted less than six months. Recently, he got five months' work as timekeeper on a veteran's-housing project. But employers prefer younger men and, with jobs getting scarcer, Cooke lately has been having little luck.

One source of additional income is Bill's job as a clocker for a movie-survey house. One or two nights a week, for $3.50 a night, he stands outside a local motion-picture theatre "counting the gate." This is the closest he and Mrs. Cooke ever get to the screen. Entertainment has no place in their budget. Bill still follows the soccer news in the sports pages of the Schenectady *Gazette* and coaches a local boys' team on Saturday afternoons, but he doesn't see the professional games. Mrs. Cooke plays an occasional game of Bingo at church socials, but, since she usually breaks even, the Cookes do not consider this an expense. In the old days, Billy was not averse to a drop or two at the bar of



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the United Scots' clubhouse. Now, of course, such indulgences are out of the question.

Cooke v. *Wilson*

BILL COOKE'S memories of his 35 years with GE are mainly pleasant, and he does not intend to blacken them with bitterness at this late date. He does feel, however, that the company is partly responsible for the fact that his pension is so small.

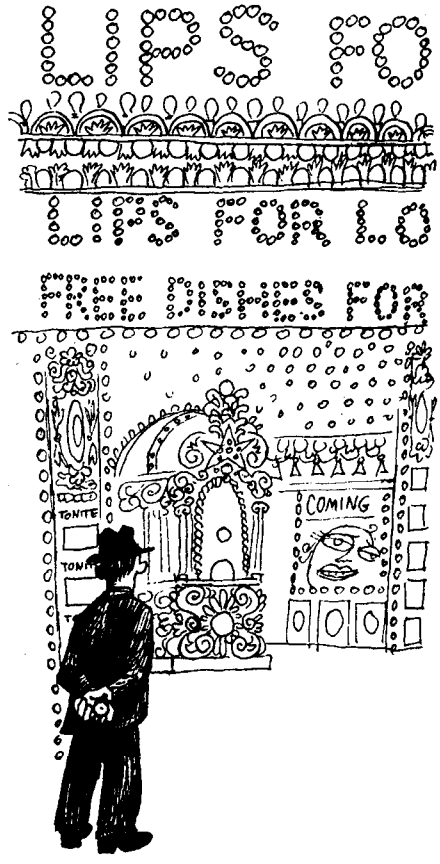
In April, 1945, shortly before his sixty-third birthday, unions in the Schenectady area nominated Cooke to the regional War Labor and War Production Boards, sitting in Syracuse. Bill asked GE for a leave of absence. "If GE's president, Charley Wilson, could serve his country on the WPB in Washington," Bill reasoned, "I could do the same in Syracuse." But GE turned Cooke down. To accept these war appointments, he had to retire and put in for a pension. However, the normal retirement age under the GE pension plan is 65, though employees with 20 years or more of service may retire at 60. To do so, they must accept pensions diminished by a fixed amount for each month under 65. To go to Syracuse, Cooke had to exercise the option before he was 63—a step which cut his pension allowance by about 20 percent.

Social Security no benefit

IN June, Cooke became 65 and eligible for monthly retirement benefits under the Social Security Act. Though benefits have not yet begun, Cooke estimates he will be entitled to receive about $50 a month—$34 for himself plus 50 percent of that amount for his wife. This sum, together with his GE pension and his movie-clocker earnings, might just take him over his financial hump—*i.e.*, he would have a total increase of about $130 a month. But there is a catch. The GE pension plan under which Cooke is currently paid has a clause that provides for a deduction from his pension of an amount equal to his benefits from Social Security. In other words, once his Social Security payments start, Cooke will get something like $32—$66.04 minus $34—from General Electric. As far as he is concerned, Social Security hardly exists.

The General Electric pension plan is neither the best nor the worst in existence today. General Motors has none at all for wage earners. On the other hand, Standard Oil (N. J.) has a scheme that provides for retired employees in a really effective way. Standard's system gives its workers annual old-age incomes equal to two-thirds of their total contributions over the years to a pension fund—if a Standard Oil employee paid $100 per year to his pension fund for 21 years, for example, he could retire on $1,400 per year. (Under this arrangement, Cooke would be getting a pension of about $110 a month.) In addition, Standard has a separate thrift plan under which it matches employees' savings—up to 10 percent of their wages—with amounts from one-half to one-third as large. There is no provision in the Standard plan for recapture of Social Security payments.

General Electric recently amended its pension plan and improved some of its provisions. The company abolished the recapture clause for employees who qualify for pensions after September 1, 1946—since most employees are not eligible for retirement until several years after they qualify for pensions, the effects of this improvement won't be felt until the 1950's. And where does this leave Bill Cooke and the thousands like him?



$100 a month

TODAY, there are more than ten million Americans over 65, more than 80 percent of whom need financial assistance. For many, a public institution of one kind or another would solve the problem. But not for independent spirits like Billy Cooke.

Cooke and his fellow pensioners in Schenectady are disposed to regard a decent, livable pension as an essential right, after a lifetime of hard and useful work. They have no faith in ham-and-egg schemes or similar extravagant proposals. But they feel their problems can be solved. The organization of their club was their first step toward a solution. Their goal is a pension minimum of $100 a month for all GE workers, past and present. With Social Security, this should see them through. To these employees, who average more than 20 years of service, this sum does not seem exorbitant. They point out that, under the pension plan as it stands today, GE's president Wilson, who is only 60, could retire at once on a pension of $51,000 a year.

The pensioners are not quite sure what their next step should be. They are willing and determined, but they have no economic power, no means of pressure or persuasion. The Electrical Workers' Union is strongly sympathetic, but it has not yet succeeded in extending its bargaining area to include the pension system. If and when it does, it will probably not be able to include retroactive provisions in contracts.

Some of the pensioners are beginning to believe that their specific problem can only be solved within the jurisdiction of the federal government. But even for positive congressional action, the pensioners would need support from many other groups. Right now, they are trying to mobilize this support through leaflets, rallies and lectures.

"We may be too old to work," Cooke tells his fellow pensioners and anyone else who will listen, "but we're not too old to fight."

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What Taft Taught Labor

by Herbert Harris

His Act gave unions a beating, but it awakened their chiefs to their old mistakes and the need of a complete new strategy

SO FAR as the future of the US labor movement is concerned, the Taft-Hartley Act is validating the old French maxim that "one has to fall back in order to leap ahead further." For it has awakened labor leadership to its past shortcomings and to its new responsibilities in a way that may have crucial effects. This new mood of self-searching goes beyond today's headline efforts to repeal the Act or to seek political retaliation against its supporters: it has led labor leaders to reconsider basic policies and practices which have remained virtually unchanged since the days of Samuel Gompers.

To appreciate the importance of this revolution now going on in the minds of unionism's high brass and its lower echelons, first consider the union leader, as a type, as he has developed historically on the American scene since the century's turn.

Whether at the top, bottom or midway between, he has had to be executive, organizer, negotiator, orator, politico and father confessor all in one. He has to be familiar not only with the racial and religious make-up of his organization, and the hierarchy of skills and wage rates and work rules within it, but also with the products and prices and markets and machinery of

A LABOR LEADER HAS TO DELIVER

the firm or industry within whose framework his union moves. He must know how to face the threat of management that it will take its plant elsewhere if a strike continues another 24 hours. There is his own internal opposition which has to be appeased, won over or defeated. There is perhaps lobbying to be done at the state and federal capital.

Unlike the industrial executive, the labor leader cannot transfer from meat-packing to copper-mining on the basis of his administrative record. The background gained in the first is of virtually no use in the second. Then, too, promotion comes almost invariably from within the ranks of a particular union. To keep his job he has to "deliver," *i.e.*, satisfy his membership.

Whatever contributes to the union's growth, stability and influence is intrinsically good—and good for him; whatever detracts from these is bad for both. Consequently, he devotes himself almost exclusively to enlarging the union's membership, treasury and bargaining strength—the source of the union's security and his own.

Until the advent of the New Deal—in the period, say, from 1900 to 1933—it was a tough and often heartbreaking task to organize a union and to keep it together. The social environment was at every turn hostile to the labor leader's aims. In addition to being fought by management, government and the press, he was opposed by the non-labor sections of a public which, overwhelmingly "labor" in its antecedents, was ridden by its anxiety to keep up with the Joneses, to wear white collars and to quash the memory of its own past—grandpop's accent and pop's dinner pail. They projected on to him their own guilt feelings and self-hatred. His difficulties were increased by the depression of 1907, the recession of 1921 and the collapse of 1929, when the unemployed couldn't pay dues or were forced to take work at any wage and any hours, driving union standards into the ground.

Beset always by immediacies, the labor leader as a result was impatient with ideas and people that did not serve instant and tangible purposes. When Samuel Gompers, until his death in 1924, flayed the very articulate Socialists within the AFL, it wasn't because he was opposed to the coöperative commonwealth. But with his incisive grasp of reality, Gompers perceived that, for his day at least, unionism had all it could do to keep growing gradually, to keep alive. He had seen the Knights of Labor crack up largely because it gave the workers discussion groups and publications that debated everything from the Single Tax to Free Silver to Edward Bellamy's "Equality" and to Esperanto as a universal language, but did little to put butter on their bread.

He evolved the philosophy of no "ultimate aims," of "more, more now" to accord with what he and the rest of AFL officialdom believed to be the only course they could pursue. In economics, the Gompers doctrine meant that the labor leader should concen-

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trate on higher pay, shorter hours, better working conditions, protection against capricious hiring and firing and other highhanded management actions. In politics, it meant "reward your friends and punish your enemies," on the basis of whether they voted for or against legislation such as workmen's-compensation bills. It ruled out consideration of over-all economic and political questions.

The struggle for recognition

WHILE the invited and uninvited advisers were pressing the labor movement to form the spearhead for third-party movements and to push for broad-gauge economic regeneration and reform, the labor leader himself had little time for such abstractions, let alone to convey their import to his followers. He was not only preoccupied with taking care of his union, but his whole bent and training predisposed him to the particular rather than the general. He came to distrust and dislike the "intellectuals," a category to which he consigned not only the Socialists but also all others not intimately involved in the day-by-day conduct of a union. He was immersed in specific problems of scarcity. They talked about tomorrow's prospects of plenty. He was practical; they were theoretical.

There are two other reasons for the failure of the labor leader to face up to the larger public issues until only yesterday:

1. Even now less than one percent of the 50,000 union officials are college graduates. It isn't that the labor leader lacks the brains; his IQ is generally way above average. But he has usually come up from the ranks, from the pit or the loom or the punch press, which is another way of saying that he was too poor to get beyond high school or even through it.

2. The labor leader is not only a former worker, but he is the son of a worker; and if not an immigrant himself, then usually the son of an immigrant. This means that he tends to carry within him a doubly defensive psychology. For in this country to be "of labor" has, since the Civil War, denoted inferior social and economic status. To be foreign implies existence on the wrong side of the tracks. The man of ability who has stayed in the labor movement instead of trying to escape from it as far and as fast as he could, has, etched in acid upon his psyche, the feeling that he doesn't quite "belong." His assertions, over 50 years, that he and labor are as good as anybody else, merely express this sense of insecurity.

And while he has been made to feel an outsider as an American, he has been subjected to terrific pressures to conform to the dominant patterns of a business civilization. His basic striving has been to become a respected and recognized part of the going concern. The very phrase "to recognize the union" is less a feudal hangover than a reflection of this aspiration. It also explains in part why unionism has been and remains, in many vital respects, merely businessism standing on its head and why the former has naturally and readily taken over the latter's working codes: pursuit of the highest possible profit was transposed into pursuit of the highest possible wage, while control over a resource, a process, a patent was translated into control over a work territory. Looking back over unionism throughout the first third of this century, one could say that a pressure-group outlook of "serve ourselves first" prevailed over a national-welfare outlook.

Averse to heavy thinking

LIKE his opposite number in management, the average labor leader thought little about the effect of his bargaining agreements upon the total economy. This attitude resulted in higher prices for the consumer in everything from coal to cars and carpets; and this lack of a sense of general responsibility did much to fortify anti-union sentiments already existing among large sections of the public. The labor leader, in short, displayed all the virtues and defects of the specialist. He could remove a gastric ulcer from our economy, but he could not diagnose its cause. He could help cure specific complaints on the job; he could not create that job itself.

Even under the New Deal, changes in this approach were more apparent than real. The shift from craft to industrial forms of organizations, the rise of the CIO, the expansion of the AFL, did not fundamentally alter the labor leader's traditional motivations and emphasis. The kind of legislation he inspired—such as the Wagner Act and the Wage and Hour Act—contributed secondarily to the national welfare, but primarily to the welfare of the labor movement. The suspicion of intellectuals, of radicals and liberals, was somewhat allayed. They were hired by the dozen, but chiefly to perform technical services in research, etc., rather than to help make policy.

Gompers' ghost dies hard

THAT policy remained what it had been under Gompers, even while union membership was rising from less than three million in 1933 to 15 million in 1946. During this period, the key figures in the labor movement were constantly urged by subordinates and by friendly kibitzers to spend money on building an effective labor press, and on better educational and publicity campaigns to acquaint their memberships with the rudiments of unionism; to point out that economics and politics are Siamese twins; to demonstrate that the question of who is your Congressman can be as important as who is your boss; to tell the non-labor public why men go on strike; to show how a concert of aims among workers, farmers, professionals, white-collar employees, had become the primary safeguard for freedom.

But labor leaders were riding the crest of the wave and dismissed such recommendations as excess cargo. They were also too busy consolidating their New Deal gains. By the early nineteen-forties, many astute observers were pointing out that, in terms of economic power, our society was becoming "more laboristic than capitalistic." The NAM publicists were shrilling that the new "labor colossus" could soon dominate the entire economy. But the labor leader refused to believe it. Despite wartime and postwar advances in membership, in funds, and in the range of items covered by collective bargaining,

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he kept his inferiority complex intact.

When, therefore, William Green and Philip Murray testified at Congressional hearings on the Taft-Hartley bill, they hardly gave the impression of speaking for a labor movement which, in its potentials, had become the mightiest economic and political and social force in America. They exuded the atmosphere of a bygone day when unions were still weak and struggling, hard-up and easily pushed around. Even more important, both Green and Murray seemed to question the right of government to intervene and regulate unionism, a line of argument that reflected the extent to which the hands-off, *laissez-faire* precepts of business have been imbedded in labor leadership's mind.

In thus adopting as his own the premises, the promises and the platitudes of so-called "free enterprise," the labor leader also assumed that this was the best of all possible economic worlds. He still had no "ultimate aims." He was still striving to "belong." And the very intensity of his belief in the "free-enterprise" credo made it easier for him to condone even its abuses as exemplified inside labor's own ranks. When a handful of labor leaders engaged in periodic shakedowns, their colleagues too often averted their gaze. But in this failure to insist that his own house be clean and above reproach, the honest labor leader played into the hands of the NAM and other anti-union forces, giving them a potent propaganda weapon.

At the same time, his mistrust of "intellectuals" and his corresponding inability to develop long-range educational drives, left the labor leader frantically on the defensive when the showdown came over the Taft-Hartley bill. He could only resort to last-minute frenzied radio and advertising appeals to a public opinion already too hardened against him to be influenced in a short time. Moreover, the failure of the spokesmen of the labor movements to admit that anything was wrong with it, and to come up with constructive proposals to remedy its own deficiencies, not only left its friends in Congress out on a limb, but also served to isolate unionism still further from other parts of the national community.

Today, under the heel of the Taft-Hartley Act, the labor leader is affronted and angry; but his first outcries have been replaced by a more rational view. Since he is practical and hardheaded, he has regard for the facts, he learns from them more than from books or adjurations. And the facts, as he sees them, is that the Taft-Hartley Act is an attempt to segregate him and 15 million other unionists from the rest of American society, and compel them to operate within an economic setup that is a diluted but perilous imitation of the totalitarian. He recalls that during the preparation of the Act, which establishes a labor czar who can virtually dictate the size of pay envelopes, there was no mention of a corresponding czar for industry or a czar for agriculture. Yet in his opinion, the equities and logic of the occasion call for all three, or none. Otherwise, workers are supposed to earn their living under lopsided government fiat, while our nine million entrepreneurs and executives, 10 million farmers and 26 million others gainfully employed are subject to no parallel restrictions.

What has proved especially galling to him about the Taft-Hartley Act is that it has destroyed his conviction that the progress achieved in recent years in industrial relations was giving him and his adherents the rank of first-class citizens of industry. He had hoped that the scope for joint management-union solutions of factory-floor problems would be enlarged, day by day. But today the labor leader has the sensation of being blackballed, in effect, despite his qualifications and his good will.

While he sees that the Act is not the end of the world as far as he is concerned, the labor leader looks on it as a portent of the extremes to which certain elements of big business might go. He figures that if anti-labor factions could put over the Taft-Hartley Act during the present sellers' market for workers, with unions and dues intact, they would probably extinguish the entire labor movement in a time of joblessness and depression. To pre-

Photos from Acme and Sid Grossman

LEADER'S JOBS: SPARKING A MEETING . . . PEPPING UP A PICKET LINE . . . AT THE BARGAINING TABLE

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vent this from ever happening, the labor leader is determined to make use of the high potentialities of the labor movement. After painful weeks of self-scrutiny he has decided that he must modify and even break away from many of the standards which previously guided him. He knows that he has to buckle down and abolish the fractional abuses, which, magnified a thousandfold by the opposition, mobilized public opinion against him. He knows that he has to set out and capture that public opinion for his own side. He knows that AFL-CIO unity of action, if not immediate organic unity, has to be achieved and maintained at all costs. He knows that he has to go in harder for politics on a doorbell-ringing, ward-by-ward, year-round basis, and that the haphazard "reward-your-friends, punish-your-enemies" strategy has to be supplanted by a more coherent set of political beliefs and purposes.

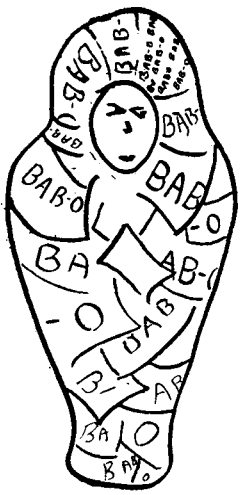
He today finds himself in the position of the man who, to keep his own house from burning, not only has to put out fires next door and across the street, but also has to adopt drastic measures of fire prevention. He therefore is turning attention to methods and proposals that can generate jobs for all, without boom-and-bust cycles, as the only economic environment in which unionism can prosper, or even survive. This does not represent any onset of altruism but merely his fierce loyalty to unionism. He will fight for its future with all the energy and resourcefulness of a man fighting for his life. That future, as he sees it now, is linked with steps toward democratic national planning to keep the wheels turning and to ensure full employment and full production. While these trends in his thinking are still incipient, they will be crystallized and made explicit at both the AFL and CIO conventions this coming fall.

Paradoxically, the Taft-Hartley Act is having an effect precisely opposite to that intended by its sponsors. It is forcing the labor movement forward because it has nowhere else to go. It knows there is no road back. It knows it has lost a battle. And it knows it has to win a war.

Good (gulp) to the Last Drop

by Thomas Whiteside

Meet the television commercial — its self-lathering blondes and jumping beer bottles have ad men in ecstasies



IT is said that in the fifteenth century, B.C., the Egyptian queen Hatshepsut acquired considerable fame by erecting at Der el-Bahri a splendid temple and at Thebes several obelisks. For 3,500 years thereafter, the lady was largely forgotten by the general public. Today, however, she once more basks in glory. Indeed, her name has become a byword in the numerous bars which sprinkle the New York area. Within these cool temples, the population may ponder her history through the wonders of television and the philanthropy of B. T. Babbitt, Inc., makers of Bab-O.

Bab-O and television have together resurrected the dead queen through love of art and the pliability of the electron. Bab-O has taken a bold step. It has put the royal daughter of Thothmes I into a television commercial.

Illustrations by the author

True, the obelisks are missing, but television studios at present are small. Bab-O archaeologists developed an interest in Hatshepsut less through her monuments than her royal lover. This fellow had given the late queen a certain scarab as a token of his friendly feelings toward her. From measurements taken at the Metropolitan Museum, Bab-O has now cleverly reproduced the original scarab in green plastic. The scarab is now called a "Bond of Love" pin and may be obtained, according to the television commercial on "Ladies Be Seated," starring Jimmy Olsen, "almost as a gift." The only requirement asked of the public is the trifling effort involved in tearing the label from a can of Bab-O, wrapping it around "twenty-five cents— a quarter" and sending it to the American Broadcasting Company.

That the potentialities of similar artistic productions over television are enormous may be judged by the eagerness of the public for the dead queen's property and the resulting satisfaction of Bab-O officials. "Why, we had a six-percent return on the offer," said a Bab-O account executive. "An unheard of thing in ordinary radio. We've plugged a premium from coast to coast for two weeks over the audio networks for less than that." He pressed a buzzer and asked his secretary to produce the script of the television commercial. The script was divided into "video" and "audio." The "video" portion of the program opened with "Medium shot of re-rig-

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erator with smear of black grease on front—can of Bab-O on top—dolly in for close-up—hands pick up Bab-O—sprinkle on damp cloth—gently wipe grease off refrigerator. . . ." The account executive leaned forward excitedly. "Could you say more?" he demanded. "Could you?" Apparently one could. The commercial continued for nine pages.

Technically, Queen Hatshepsut's scarab is known as a "hook." A hook is a device which will cause the televiewer to write to the sponsor, preferably with evidence of having bought the sponsor's product.

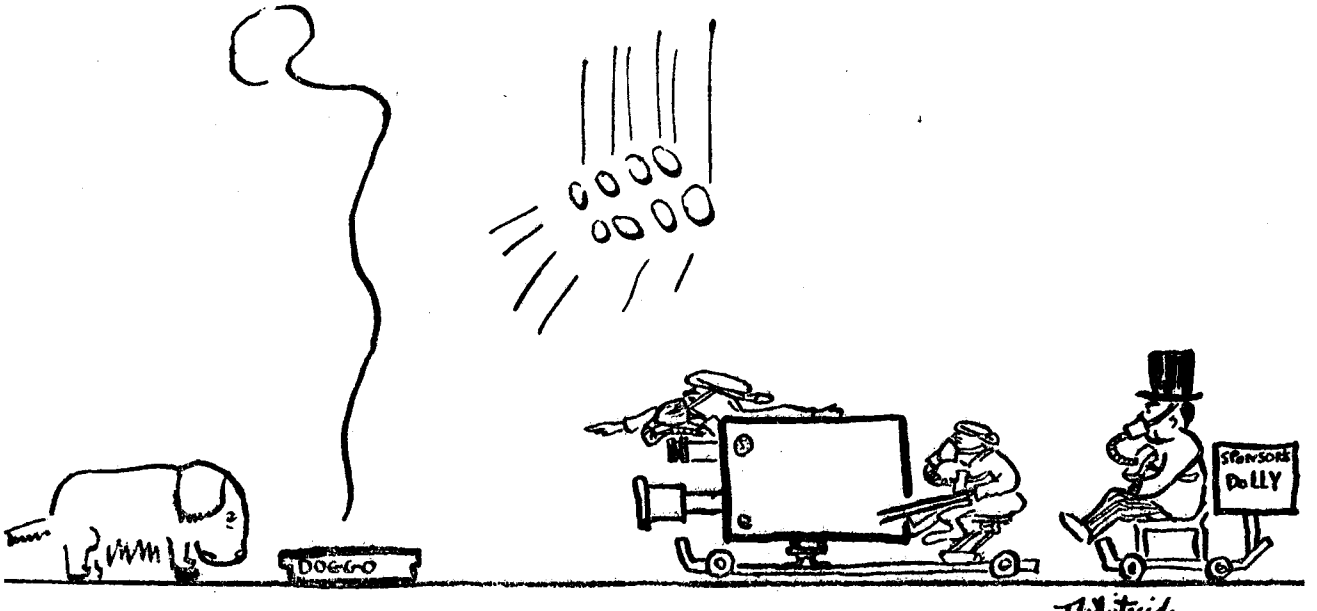
The Bab-O company is very keen on hooks and plans to use them in television frequently. On the other hand, Sweetheart Soap television commercials are generally hookless. According to a Sweetheart executive, Sweetheart will simply rely on "the visual impact of the human being in action plus the selling appeal of the human voice" to gain the public sympathy. In Sweetheart commercials, this visual impact involves "lap dissolves" from "long shots," "dollying in to close-ups" of Conover models in bathing suits.

"Now get this," said the executive. "We open with a babe standing beside an easel with a portfolio on it—she turns the portfolio—we dissolve to different dames in playsuits—the announcer says: 'The town-dark skirt

with plaid chambray top. Featuring that covered-up look!' What's that got to do with soap? Calls for the contrast of a fresh, clean skin! A Sweetheart Soap Complexion! Get the tie-up? The women like the fashions but the men look because it's cheesecake! But wait—that's not all. We dissolve to a bathroom, you see, there's another model—beautiful girl, too—she has a towel around her head—the washbowl is full of soap lather—she begins to lather her face and then massages it. She rinses her face—she's *Sweetheart fresh!* The girl takes the towel from her head—gee, she has gorgeous long hair—and we flash back to the announcer. And here's the end—we show a close-up of hands holding a bar of the soap—you know how she holds it?" Here the executive paused, then suddenly cupped his hands and thrust them forward—"just like a jewel!"

One of the most satisfying auguries for the future of television commercials is their hypnotic grip upon the televiewer's imagination. In the brief but brilliant history of television commercials, Mueller's Elbow Macaroni points proudly to one of its programs. The commercial opened with a "Fade into Kitchen" scene. Fascinated televiewers observed a snowstorm of dollar bills swirling across the screen. "Twenty-five brand new, crisp one-dollar bills!" cried a lady as the greenery fluttered down. "I'll tell you *how* you may win this $25." The lady prepared a salad ("She actually *made* the damn thing," said a Mueller man).

Then came a problem. The salad had no name. Mueller's Macaroni would dispense the $25 for the best name. "My God, we had 642 calls within the next 45 minutes," remarked the executive. "Almost 90 seconds per call per girl." The contest was won by a Mr. Reubens, who lives on Eighty-sixth Street, Manhattan, and became suddenly inspired to call the compound Mueller's Pin Money Salad. "Mr. Mueller himself wrote the winner to congratulate him," said the executive. "Good public relations, you know." Mueller statisticians calculate that they drew a 30-percent response on the great elbow macaroni hook. Nudged for an explanation of this starchy triumph, the executive replied simply: "It's the old story of a picture being worth a thousand words." At



"WE FILLED THE BOWL WITH AMMONIA."

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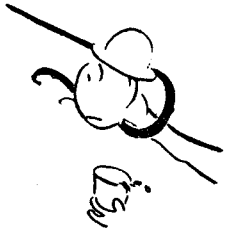
such a remarkably high rate of exchange, one dog-food company was able to appeal to the animal-loving population at an estimated speed of 60,000 words a minute. Its televised commercial was in the nature of a scientific experiment. The principal participant was a shaggy dog, selected at random. The test began when two bowls, one marked with the sponsor's dog food, the other label a competitor's, were placed on the television stage. As cameras dollied back and forth and directors sat tense in the control room, the dog galloped into the picture. Springing at the competitor's bowl, it suddenly stopped in consternation, sniffed, shuddered and ran for the sponsor's entree, which he promptly consumed with a hearty appetite. Dog lovers at home and bar throughout the metropolitan area were thoroughly impressed. "It went over beautifully," remarked a producer. "We filled the competitor's bowl with ammonia."



No discussion of television currently is possible without consideration of baseball games. All quarters report that commercials on baseball programs are developing splendidly. In one such contest, involving the Brooklyn Dodgers, the commercial opens with a lady named Sal discussing with a lady friend in the Bronx the merits of the opposing teams. The lady friend complains of being tired. Sal immediately advises her to eat Post's Corn Toasties, the camera shortly switching to a nearby table on which a box of that very cereal lies conveniently handy. Another dramatic scene displays a citizen sitting in a corner wearing a dunce cap. The announcer observes that the man is a regular dunce: his wife had commissioned him to purchase a box of Post's Grape Nut Flakes, but he had returned with another cereal. The man then looks up and discloses a black eye, the result of his wife's disappointment.

In the past, many Europeans have expressed criticism of what they considered an American inability to make tasteful selections of wines, beers and spirits. Fortunately, the Goebel Brewing Company has taken upon itself the task of elevating, through the most modern communications facilities, the public taste in this respect. It has produced seven films (all shot in one day) for instructing the public in the technique of conspicuous consumption. A typical Goebel telefilm shows a gentleman in his garden with a "comfortable, one-notch-above-middle-class home" in the background. There then ensues the following scene:

Sound: Dub man's whistle.

Announcer: "Our friend . . . loves his gardening. . . . Works hard at it, too." (Man ceases work, wipes perspiration from face.) ". . . But he's got a great idea." (Close-up of Goebel beer bottle on pail of cracked ice.) "He keeps a cool, frosty bottle of good-tasting Goebel beer handy. . . ." (Medium shot of man, tired, turns toward bottle and whistles—dub whistle—bottle jumps out of pail to man's hand.) ". . . The quickest way is with Goebel beer. . . ." (Medium shot—man picks bottle opener out of the air, opens bottle, throws cap and opener over his shoulder; as he brings hand back, it holds glass—man pours beer—lifts glass—winks to camera.)

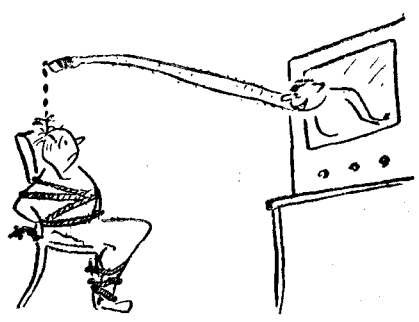
Televiewers may observe that the man used only *one* bottle of beer. Television beer drinkers never ask for seconds. "We bend over backwards," explained a representative of Griesedieck Brothers, a St. Louis brewery. In Griesedieck television commercials, beer is never consumed by the common crowd, but by superior types, who are strictly rationed to one bottle per person. "We always use mature-looking people, never anyone near 21," observed the representative. "The commercials must also subtly imply moderation." So far, there have been no complaints. Almost half of the St. Louis television sets are in taverns.

Coffee commercials, happily, are less restrained. Televiewers may look forward to uninhibited consumption of this commodity in the future. The trend is well under way. Approaching the television studios at NBC, I observed, with considerable astonishment, a brunette talking in a loud voice. "Well," she was saying to no one in particular, "as one of the millions of Americans who enjoy Maxwell House morning, noon and night, I can give you a ready answer. It's *flavor* that tells the story—that famous Good to the Last Drop Maxwell House flavor that means more real coffee-drinking pleasure in every cup."

Later that evening, I had the pleasure of seeing her again on the television screen. The visual impact was remarkable. To her speech she had added a smile, a wiggle and a coffee cup. "Good," she cried, with a painful gulp, "to the last drop."

The future, indeed, is bright. "This thing is big—so big we don't know what to do with it," said a television executive. "The trouble is that everybody is concerned with the programming. The sponsors worry so much about program content that they say, 'The Hell with the commercial.' There's something wrong there. Why, there's no limitation on the commercial time you can use. The commercial can be six, seven minutes long and still be the most interesting part of the show!"

"Of course," he added, "we'll let good taste decide."



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Books in Review

The Arrival of "Soviet Man"

Moscow (by radio)

SOVIET literature has a new hero—"Soviet Man." He is a collective hero whose purpose is to demonstrate "Soviet patriotism" and to prove that he is better equipped to solve life's problems and achieve a useful happiness than the "Capitalist Man" of the "bourgeois" and "decadent" West.

This Promethean figure made his formal debut at the eleventh plenary session of the Union of Soviet Writers, held last month in Moscow. He had been waiting in the wings since last August when Andrei Zhdanov, in his report on the magazines *Zvezda* and *Leningrad,* pointed up a lack of ideology in contemporary Soviet writing and initiated a house cleaning which has transformed the literary journals into more accurate and politically conscious reflections of Soviet aims and principles.

The period since the Zhdanov report, however, was mainly devoted to clearing away the unwanted underbrush and pulling up the weeds of the West, and it is only now, after a successful sowing season, that the harvest of "Socialist realism" is in prospect. "Socialist realism" is defined as "the ability to depict the individual correctly, both as he is and at the same time as he should be."

The definition is that of Alexander Fadeyev, strapping, handsome, white-haired general secretary of the Writers' Union, who made the principal address at the meeting. Socialist realism, he explained further, is like an apple "which in its natural state is rather bitter forest fruit, while, grown in the garden of Michurin [Soviet geneticist], it represents the essential apple to a much greater degree than does the wild forest fruit."

Fadeyev, author of the tremendously successful *Young Guard,* which is a book, a play and a motion picture, is forceful, vigorous and articulate and knows a bad literary influence when he sees one. He mentioned quite a few. One was the small group of Soviet writers, "isolated representatives of our intelligentsia," he called them, who still subscribe to "adulation of the West, respect for everything Western." The by now familiar examples were Zoschenko, Akhmatova and Pasternak. Another error was a "departure into the past," especially by some of the writers among non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union. There was a difference between "bourgeois nationalism" and ideas of nationality, or "national self-consciousness." It was therefore wrong for writers of Armenia, Azerbaijan or Kazakstan to "idealize" the long ago or believe that their "golden age" had passed. As for the Ukraine, Alexander Korneichuk, who followed Fadeyev to the platform, reported that the Jewish writer Isaac Kipnis had been expelled from the Writers' Union for publishing "stories of a Zionist nationalistic character" in the Polish city of Lodz. It was Kipnis' second expulsion for the same offense.

Fadeyev's main target, however, was the ideological content of Western philosophy, the "subjective idealism of Nietzsche, Bergson and Freud," who were held responsible for "a frightful dehumanization" of literature and for the glorification of "subconscious, animal instincts, zoölogical individualism, mysticism, eroticism."

It was the task of the Soviet writer, he said, to show that Western thought is not only morally wrong and has created "a deep spiritual crisis," but that in a more tangible sense it fails to provide Western society with the proper basis for survival. This can be done by portraying the advantages of the Soviet system over capitalism.

THE case in point offered the assembled writers was *Smoke of the Fatherland,* the new work of Konstantin Simonov. This latest book by the author of the play, "The Russian Question," adopts the theme of Soviet patriotism in a story of a Russian who spent the last year of the war and the first postwar year in the United States and returns to the Soviet Union to make invidious comparisons with the life of the average American, dedicated to "the chase for the dollar" in a land where "cash is king" and where the "ruling circles" employ "all their power to poison the consciences of men." This thesis, according to Fadeyev, is "most significant and important for our time."

Another example of Soviet patriotism as a theme is to be found in a new novel by Pavlenko, *Happiness,* a story of a collective farm to which an injured war veteran returns. He, too, is able to make comparisons between Soviet life and the "foreign life" he witnessed as a soldier.

Ehrenburg's new novel, *The Storm,* which is set in both the Soviet Union and France and covers the entire war period, similarly asserts the superiority of Soviet culture over that of the West, while up from the Ukraine has come Alexander Gonchar's *The Standard Bearer,* about the Soviet soldier who "sees spiritual and material poverty abroad and recognizes with pride the superiority and strength of his country's spiritual and social structure."

This year's Stalin Prizes in literature

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ere in the main awarded to those writers aware of "Soviet Man." Elmar Grin's *Wind from the South* deals with the life of Karelo-Finnish peasants. Vera Panova's *Companions* is set in a hospital train at the front and has a medical cast, brought together by the war and working out their collective destiny. The "Soviet Man" is also the principal character in General Peter Vershigora's *People with a Clear Conscience,* which is a psychological appraisal of the partisan movement; in Victor Nekrasov's novel, *In the Trenches of Stalingrad;* and in Boris Polevoy's *Story of a Real Man,* a narrative of a Soviet airman who reëstablished his place in life after losing both legs. Stalin Prize-winning poetry like Alexander Tvardovsky's "House by the Roadside" is in the same category.

IN SHORT, Soviet literature, which in the prolific and feverish thirties dealt largely with the "how" of Soviet society, is in the postwar forties dealing with its "why." The steel mills, railroads, cement plants and giant dams which were the symbols and inanimate protagonists of the construction period are in the reconstruction period overshadowed by the "Soviet Man," the soldier returned from abroad unspoiled, the people.

Soviet writers are now being admonished by Fadeyev and other leaders of the Union to get out and meet the people, get out into the collective farms, factories and construction sites, to "go out into life." That's where they can find their new hero, who will be looking over their shoulders and, willy-nilly, guiding their pens as they write. ALEXANDER KENDRICK

Cesspool with Palms

DIRTY EDDIE, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking Press; $2.75).

ONE thing may safely be said of Hollywood and the novels dealing with it: the cinema capital is so extravagant a place in all of its manifestations that anyone writing about it can indulge in the wildest of fantasies without being accused of lack of realism. The Athens, the Mecca, the Babylon and the Bagdad of America to millions of the romantic-minded of the world, the Sodom and Gomorrah to the puritanical and the scapegoat of the politicians and pressure groups, it is the citadel of heroes and goddesses to those for whom it is not an elaborate cesspool with palms. It is fabulous, crazy, hateful, naïve, pseudo-sophisticated and ridden by its dreams and its fears. Since Hollywood's business, thoughts and whole existence are the manufacture of fantasy and pipe dreams, the novelist who would capture its spirit and quality should have an appreciative and rather cynical eye for the fantastic. Ludwig Bemelmans, who can provide a metropolitan hotel and the Republic of Ecuador with an equally sardonic Arabian Nights atmosphere, is clearly such a man, and it was inevitable that he should get around to writing a Hollywood novel.

It was probably also inevitable that, in the work he is content to call *Dirty Eddie,* his Hollywood should bear a remarkable resemblance to both his Ecuador and the Hotel Splendide.

DIRTY EDDIE" is a characteristic Bemelmans performance, which means that it is humorous, perverse, skillfully written, bland and a little coy in its observation, filled with somewhat exotic characters bearing strange names, and both brightened and weakened by its steady air of playful artificiality. It is fun to read, it tells a lot about Bemelmans and a little about Hollywood, and in the end there is the feeling that it is, to use the Maugham phrase that seems applied in book-reviewing a great deal these days, "the mixture as before." It is at its most amusing while contemplating the frantic activities of the agents, writers, directors, producers and minor functionaries of Hollywood in their everyday posturings. It still is entertaining, although less happy, when telling of the questionable romance of Maurice Cassard, the cynical French screen writer, and Belinda, the elevator operator turned screen star, and of the making of a picture in which a small black pig named Dirty Eddie becomes the nation's darling.

One of the curious prospects of the interesting career of Bemelmans as a writer is that he is in danger of becoming a devotee of the literary strip tease. In *I Love You, I Love You, I Love You,* there was what appeared about to be a racy episode, concerning a beautiful girl's determination to get into bed with the narrator, until the author slyly revealed that the girl was his four-year-old daughter. Now, in *Dirty Eddie,* the first paragraph reveals a "lovely young creature, stretching like a tigress against the satin-striped banquette on which they sat," in an apparently compromising situation with a Hollywood producer, until Bemelmans merrily lets us know that she is merely curing his hiccups. The literary strip tease strikes me as one of the least appetizing forms of a novelist's sophisticated humor, and, although there is just the one instance of it in the new book, it suggests a trend that has its odious possibilities. Except for that, the Bemelmans manner, with its capacity for turning everything into terms of ironical fantasy of a belittling nature, is attractively suited to a study of the strange insect life of the cinema citadel, and the atmosphere is as believable as it is amusing—so far as it goes.

IT is no longer regarded as exactly cricket to comment on a novel in terms of the publisher's blurb, but when the jacket of *Dirty Eddie* calls it "caustic yet kindly, funny but tender," it has a point. As malicious and biting as Bemelmans is to the screen and its works, he is also curiously amiable and friendly about it. For all its satirical shafts, there is nothing in the novel that will cause the sensitive lady columnists of Hollywood, who are never happier than when smiting its critics, to say harsh things about Bemelmans while accusing him of biting the hand that fed him. And when, in one outburst of almost crusading earnestness, he assails "the Stork Club Communists" among the screen writers, he is almost certain to attract enraptured applause. At the risk of arousing the attention of the J. Parnell Thomas Committee, I might point out that, on the evidence provided by Bemelmans alone, there would seem to be reason why a far larger number

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of writers than the most credulous of the witch-hunters suspect would feel radical. At least you might think that any author of talent, finding himself subjected to the nonsense of Hollywood and paid incredible sums of money for the systematic wrecking of that talent, could begin to suspect that there was something wrong with an economic system which brought about such a state of affairs.

THERE is present in the novel, only by some vague implications of a low-comedy nature, what seems to me the most evil as well as the most characteristic ingredient of Hollywood life—its sense of fear. It is afraid of ideas, afraid of pressure groups, afraid of the theatre and the churches and the radio and the pictures made in other countries; above all, it is terrified by the thought of failure. It is one of the most caste-ridden communities in the world, because its men and women, quickly accustomed to the acclaim, the luxury and the general headiness of success, are so terrified of losing what they have fantastically won that they begin to believe that failure is catching. So the $5,000-a-week actor is afraid to be seen with the one getting a mere thousand, and the star on his way up must avoid the star on his way down, since his lack of success may be contagious. It makes for a singularly unpleasant kind of snobbery. There is something to be said for the dramatic form which has produced directors like John Ford, Frank Capra and William Wyler, film writers like Nunnally Johnson and Dudley Nichols, and actors like Greta Garbo and Charlie Chaplin, but that sense of terror does a lot to destroy the respect built up by the making of "The Informer." It is an aspect of Hollywood life that Bemelmans certainly doesn't emphasize.

It is, of course, too much to expect of one novel that it go into all the strange and devious manifestations of this great American phenomenon. I bring up the matter chiefly because it does seem strange that there has as yet been no important work of fiction that has adequately depicted this huge and influential giant, which, with its

LUDWIG BEMELMANS

slickness, its vacuity and its occasional brilliance, has somehow managed to become our cultural ambassador to the modern world. The evidence of the fragment he had written indicates that, had it been completed, Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon,* would have been a distinguished novel that was at the same time a brilliant study of Hollywood manners. It may be characteristic of the way in which the old silent screen promised achievements unrealized by its garrulous successor that, with *The Last Tycoon* uncompleted, the only novels I can think of that really caught the spirit of Hollywood dealt with the pioneering years of the pantomimic films. They were Jim Tully's *Jarnegan* and Garrett and Carroll Graham's *Queer People.* Both had their defects as literature, but they had flavor and authenticity.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Worth Reprinting

ON LOVE, by Stendhal (Liveright: the Black and Gold Library; $2.49).

A SAINTSBURY MISCELLANY (Oxford University Press; $3.50).

THE PORTABLE THOREAU, edited by Carl Bode (Viking Press; $2).

THE PORTABLE DANTE, edited by Paolo Milano (Viking Press; $2).

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR THOMAS MORE, edited by Elizabeth Frances Rogers (Princeton University Press; $7.50).

SINCE an adequate account of Stendhal's masterpiece is not even to be attempted in a short review, the safest and most precise recourse is to an "all-out rave." Of the many delightful and valuable reprints published this year, the one I would sacrifice last is this reissue of *On Love.* (The translation has been made under the direction of C. K. Scott Moncrieff, whose name has become almost synonymous, in our time, with the best translations from the French.)

Although it has always enjoyed its devotees, this work is unknown to many admirers of Stendhal's famous novels. Its author describes it as "an accurate and scientific treatise" which "explains simply, rationally, mathematically, as it were, the different emotions which follow one after the other, and which taken all together are called the passion of love." That "scientific treatise" is indicative of Stendhal's association with the moralists of the preceding, the admired eighteenth century. But it also predicts a close kinship with the professional psychologists who were to imitate his detached analysis of "the little-known regions of the human heart" years after his death. Its matter is largely observation and anecdote accumulated in Stendhal's lively amatory and social career, mostly in Italy, and jotted down "in pencil and on scraps of paper filched from the drawing rooms" where they occurred to him. The result is a source book of emotional psychology, of social history and criticism, and of witty commentary on the national temperaments of France, Italy, Germany, England and even America. There is matter in the book for innumerable novels. The variety of incident, character and wit can best be indicated as the inexpressibly happy coincidence of one of the most brilliant minds of his century writing on the subject that most enthralled him.

"I made all my scraps of paper into a bundle and gave it to a bookseller." The book was first published in 1822. In a preface to a later edition, Stendhal

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writes, "This book has had no success . . . between 1822 and 1823 I found only seventeen readers." Which isn't a complaint, for he admits in another place that "I only write for about a hundred readers, and about those unhappy, amiable, simple, non-moral beings whom I want to please; I only know one or two." And again: *On Love* "has the misfortune of being comprehensible only to those people who have found the leisure to commit follies." There is in all this something of the mystification which Stendhal adored, but there is also the recognition by a shrewd critic of his times that he was writing for an "élite" against the prevailing fashions and that he would have to take his chance of a larger success with readers of a hundred years later. In this lottery, he held a winning number.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY was born in 1845 and died in 1933. *A Saintsbury Miscellany* is issued, somewhat belatedly in this country, as a memorial to the centenary year of his birth. It is a lively and various (and staggering) work of selection from the writings of a man who confessed (apart from his published volumes) to "hundreds of signed articles" and "thousands of unsigned." Appropriately, as a memorial volume, it represents the different phases and aspects of his career—journalistic, academic, and social—and the diversity of his tastes and interests in literature, history, personalities, politics and food.

The selections on literature remind us of critical methods different from the more psychological and strictly textual criticism of our own time. From his enormous erudition and great love of literature, Saintsbury takes a rather discursive and historical view of it; at least one of his aims (probably derived from academic work) was to form taste by communicating his enthusiasm.

In the spirit of this commemorative enterprise, over a quarter of the book is devoted to personal recollections by several of Saintsbury's friends, and to a short biographical memoir. However, their subject explicitly desired that no biography of him be written, and the present reminiscences are more respectful of that reticence than of a reader's curiosity.

"THE PORTABLE THOREAU" quite sustains the high standard of the Viking Portable Library. However one might quarrel with some of the subjects chosen in this series, the volumes are usually well edited and comprehensive, and are pleasingly printed and bound in a delightful compact size at a bargain price. The present volume includes the complete *Walden* and *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,* with a number of essays (among them "Civil Disobedience"), a selection from his poems and a regrettably few letters and excerpts from his journals.

The first thing to be noticed in a perusal of this variety is the remarkable evenness of Thoreau's writing. He kept close to what he knew best: the Yankee farmers, the townspeople of Concord, the local countryside; and he was the most indigenous of writers. Furthermore, as he wrote always with enthusiasm and great moral earnestness, there is a continuous drive in his work. But the delightful particularity of his writing has its counterpart in a certain insularity of spirit; the enthusiasm is occasionally rhetorical and preachy; the moral earnestness not seldom mere earnest moralizing.

As a social critic, he is shrewd and astringent, but it soon becomes evident that he criticizes, not with reference to any social or moral ideal, or even primarily from any interest in human beings: "I wish to speak a word for nature, for absolute freedom and wildness . . . to regard man as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of nature, rather than a member of society." As a naturalist, he's an American classic. But his studies are based on a kind of nature-mysticism, a transcendental self-identification with the Universe: "If I feel no softening towards the rocks, what do they signify?" And there is an uneasy disproportion of truth to poetry when he says: "It is vain to write on the seasons unless you have the seasons in you." These deeply personal, almost eccentric, elements in his work will ensure Thoreau the admiration of sympathetic cultists but will separate, for most people, the force of his particular observation from the persuasion of his larger argument.

On the other hand, the Transcendentalist teachings of Emerson (and Thoreau, among his other disciples) has had an enormous influence on the devotional tradition of American Protestantism, and there are many people today who can respond sympathetically to Thoreau's invitation to "consider," in that order, "the dawn and the sunrise—the rainbow and the evening—the words of Christ. . . ."

"THE PORTABLE DANTE" is one of most serious and successful undertakings in the Portable Library. In his admirable introduction, Paolo Milano says: "At the present time . . . Dante is the favorite 'genius' of our intellectuals." This is due, as much as to anything, to the elucidations and contagious enthusiasm of T. S. Eliot. The present volume is easily the best available text to help this popular interest to a popular familiarity.

The Divine Comedy and *La Vita Nuova* are printed complete, the former with assisting footnotes, and with an "argument," or synopsis, at the beginning of each canto. There are selections from Dante's short poems, from his letters, and from the two Latin works on government and on the "vernacular tongue" (Italian) as a literary language.

The Divine Comedy is published in Laurence Binyon's verse translation. This is a remarkably skillful work, in Dante's verse form, which retains the clarity of the best prose translation, but which probably gives a better idea of the original than any other version.

"THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR THOMAS MORE" is not a popular compilation but the first published collection of his letters, excepting the correspondence with Erasmus, which, while not printed here, is listed chronologically by title, source, and date. Included are several pertinent letters written by members of More's circle, such as the famous account by his

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daughter, Margaret Roper, of her talk with her father in prison. It is a beautiful book, illustrated by three full-page Holbein portraits and a drawing of the More Family, also by Holbein.

While the book is an impressive tribute to scholarship, it is also an incentive to it, and can be recommended to the general reader who has any interest at all in Renaissance thought, the sixteenth-century humanists, the English Reformation or the political and social history of the time of Henry VIII. Finally, in these letters to his family, his friends, contemporary scholars and statesmen, we have the most complete personal record of the man whom many have considered the highest flower of the English Renaissance, and of whom Erasmus wrote: "My own affection for the man is so great that . . . I should do at once just as he bade me. . . . For I do not think . . . that Nature ever formed a mind more present, ready, sharp-sighted and subtle. . . . Add to this a power of expression equal to his intellect, a cheerfulness of character and an abundance of wit."

JOHN FARRELLY

Crime and Punishment

Unfinished Business, by Cary Lucas (Simon and Schuster, $2). Mexico is the setting for a lively yarn in which a young American engineer gets mixed up in some pretty violent doings aimed against the US. A lovely Irish-Mexican girl, the FBI and a villain modeled on a cross between Peter Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet are cleverly worked in to heighten the suspense. Fun for all.

Murder Miscellany. – Theodora DuBois' *The Footsteps* (Crime Club, $2) treads heavily on psychoanalysis to provide a fairly gripping, if routine, tale of murder, proving that conscience doth make cowards of us all. Harper's latest psychological "novel of suspense"—*Never by Chance,* by Sylvia Tate ($2.50)—is an egregious, 282-page waste of time, and Elinor Chamberlain, in *Manila Hemp* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), proves to be just another case of enough rope. All the sadder because her first—*Appointment in Manila*—was a jim-dandy. E. H.

Farm

Toward a New Plan

HOUSE hearings on revising the government's agricultural policy, which have been going on for some time in Washington, D. C., will be resumed in October in various cities throughout the United States. Representative Clifford R. Hope (R, Kans.) remarked in April, when he opened the hearings, that his committee's objective was to mend the roof while the sun was shining.

The fact is that things are not too sunny for many farmers. Most of them still make too little money, according to census figures, and thousands of them have been completely ruined this season because of temporary gluts and loss of wartime markets.

In the past, the government has adopted a price-support policy because the farmer normally is at the mercy of economic forces beyond his control. A factory in the city may shut down on a moment's notice, but calf, pig and crop factories can't be stopped so quickly. Despite the fact that agricultural production rose steadily from 1919 to 1929, gross farm income dropped from $16.9 billion to $12.9 billion, and farm wealth declined from $79 billion to $58.1 billion.

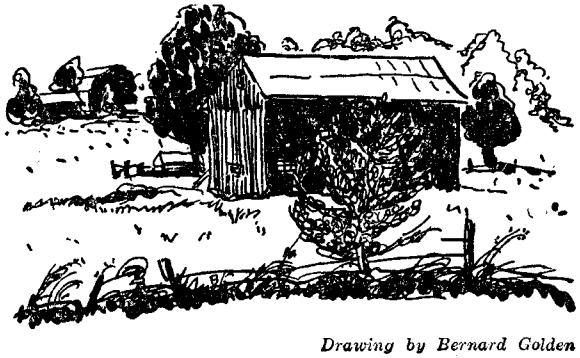
The trouble with price support is that it doesn't give aid in proportion to the need. In certain instances it can even be compared with some of the Republican help-the-rich schemes.

For example, a farmer who sold commodities which would have brought only $50,000 on the free market may have received a 20-percent increase because of the price-support mechanism. He would benefit to the extent of $10,000, while the farmer whose products would bring only $1,000 would gain just $200. It is estimated that 10 percent of the nation's farmers sell 50 percent of farm commodities. It is obvious that the top 10 percent has been getting the largest share of benefits

DURING the House hearings, James Patton, President of the National Farmers' Union, made a proposal which would take this factor into account. In addition to revising the parity formula, Patton suggested that a provision be made to guarantee all farmers a minimum income. His objective would be brought about by giving the farmer work during slack periods if his farm production fell below a certain point. Payments were to be limited to $1,000 and farmers considered lazy were to be checked by the County Agricultural Program Committee.

Nobody was to be forced into the plan, but Patton believed that all farmers would coöperate because of the benefits. One function of the committee would be to consider carefully the needs and capabilities of each farm. Provision was also to be made for increasing the number of family-size farms. As large farms came on the market they were to be bought up by the government and resold to farmers. Small farms were to be enlarged and mechanized so they could produce efficiently.

The price-control mechanism and its administration was to be overhauled. The county committees were to be elected by working farmers and the national committee was to be elected by the county committees, which would consult with the Secretary of



Drawing by Bernard Golden

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Agriculture. A National Consumers' Committee would see that parity prices were not too high and that production was in accord with the needs of the population. There would be no limits on production so long as anybody was underfed.

A MORE drastic proposal is incorporated in a recent book by Lee Fryer, who worked for the Farm Security Administration and who, like Patton, is connected with the National Farmers' Union. In his book, *The American Farmer* (Harper and Brothers, $3), Fryer's program is very thoroughgoing from the standpoint of the land, the people and the reconstruction of agriculture. Fryer believes that soil conservation should receive first consideration and that marginal areas should be bought by the government and improved. He also believes landowners who are not treating their land properly should be forced to sell it. In every community there would be a land agency which would exercise control over the ownership and use of land.

Fryer's scheme is especially directed at large landowners and absentee owners. He would get rid of them altogether. All absentee-owned land would be converted into family-size farms. If a farm was too large it would be divided up. The owners would be compensated and low-income farmers would buy it on a long-term basis, with low-interest rates.

Under Fryer's plan every farm family would be guaranteed a $1,400 cash income, plus approximately $300 worth of food raised on the farm. He would furnish government work and cash to bring this about. Unlike Patton, Fryer would not rely on government price control but on farm coöperatives for preventing prices from falling. He doesn't say how this could be accomplished or how consumers' interests would be protected if the coöps did become strong enough to control prices.

Patton's plan is more practical. While it doubtless has some flaws and inconsistencies in it, it is a thoroughgoing effort to show how the American family-size farm may be preserved.

ANGUS MCDONALD

United Nations News

3,000 Miles Away

THE United Nations was born in San Francisco and during last fall's search for a permanent site, it looked as though the UN might grow up there, too. California, no less than New York, has felt a certain pride of authorship in the UN, has followed its debates with more than passing interest. I have just returned from the West Coast and, much as I would like to report otherwise, enthusiasm for the world organization has ebbed. California has always had an enthusiastic citizenry, so it is particularly discouraging to find apathy and confusion where there was once excitement and optimism. In Southern California the apathy is especially prevalent. The world organization has become a symbol to be used whenever necessary, but it has ceased to be a live and influential one. Geographic location and Southern California's present preoccupation with local and national issues are responsible.

Northern California is less limited by its geographical location—although it still is a little sour about the choice of New York City as the permanent UN site. Within the energetic, if frustrated, liberal movement around San Francisco there is still active interest in the UN. It centers mainly upon the atom-bomb problem—for the entire West Coast is peculiarly sensitive to atom-bomb talk—but it also includes a healthy desire for more knowledge about the UN.

THE Security Council, by eight affirmative votes and three abstentions, has voted to request Dutch and Indonesian troops to stop fighting. Everyone who applauded the action wonders why, if the Council could stop a battle in Indonesia after two days of debate, it is unable to do so in the Balkans after months of discussion.

The answer is that the US and the Soviet interests clash head-on in the Balkans; they don't in Indonesia. The basic weakness of the UN is the inability of the US and the USSR to agree on certain major issues, but this is something that must be solved outside the UN, in Washington and Moscow, rather than in the Council chambers at Lake Success.

The Indonesian situation is neither recent nor unique—it merely occurs in an area where the US and the USSR have no immediate fight. As long ago as February, 1946, the situation came before the Security Council when the Ukraine asked for an investigation of the misuse of British troops against the Indonesian nationalists. At that time the British, with the consent of the Dutch government, were in Indonesia to deal with Japanese troops and prisoners of war. The British used both their own and enemy troops against the nationalists, although they claimed they had no quarrel with the nationalists, as such, but only with those who obstructed their postwar task in the area.

During that debate, Eelco van Kleffens, the Netherlands delegate to the Security Council and now Ambassador to the United States, admitted: "It would be an abnormal people who did not at one time or another of their existence have a craving for autonomy and self-government, and we want to reckon with that to the full. . . ."

THE Dutch and Indonesians were then negotiating an agreement which promised self-determination within a Netherlands-Indonesian union. A year and a half later, when the United Nations, acting on complaints submitted by India and Australia, temporarily halted a full-scale war between the Dutch and the Indonesians, van Kleffens sulkily denied the right of the Security Council to meddle in an internal situation which he classified as police action. Britain, France and Belgium, with colonial problems of their own, abstained on the vote, tacitly supporting the Dutch

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right to hold on to economic assets in Indonesia. The United States and Russia voted together to stop the war. The split here is one between imperialism and the national desires of colonial peoples. Wherever this choice is uncomplicated by geographical location or the economic assets of the US and the USSR, the two are more likely to vote with the colonial peoples.

ON two other important issues—Palestine and the presence of British troops in the Sudan—there is at least the possibility of agreement. In Palestine, the US has already made pro-Zionist statements and will find it difficult to vote against them. In Egypt, the question is more complicated. Egypt has spent months preparing a case which calls for immediate and unconditional withdrawal of British troops from the Sudan. Britain, making no bones about the importance of the case, has called in top advisers to refute Egypt on legal grounds: Sir Walter Smart, Oriental minister in the British Embassy at Cairo; and Eric Beckett, chief legal adviser in the Foreign Office and one of Bevin's aides during the unsuccessful Bevin-Sidky negotiations.

Egyptian Prime Minister Nokrashy Pasha has made a moral appeal to the Security Council: "We are here to challenge the basic assumptions of nineteenth-century imperialism. We ask the Security Council to affirm that in the twentieth century the world has moved on." Sir Alexander Cadogan bases his argument on the legal validity of a 1936 treaty which would allow British troops to remain in the Sudan until 1956. In effect, he announces: "You may not like it, boys, but you signed it. It's legal. You'll just have to stick to it."

The outcome of the dispute depends on the lengths to which the US is willing to go in supporting British interests in the Middle East. If the US is willing to lend moral and financial aid to Britain, we will again conflict with the Soviet Union. Otherwise this will be a further example of our ability to get along on issues which don't directly concern either party.

JANE BEDELL

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OTHER RESORTS ON PAGE 36

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Music

Opera in the Zoo

NEARLY everyone who visits the summer opera at the Cincinnati Zoo comes back with tales of lions roaring in competition with the sopranos, seals outbarking the baritones and monkeys keeping up a chatter that would shame the box holders at the Metropolitan. Since the opera and the zoo share the same park, these anecdotes are inevitable, but the stories are too good to be true. The beasts are housed quite a distance away and their vocalizing certainly does not reach the ears of the audience.

The Cincinnati Summer Opera Association has other pleasures to offer. Since the 1931 demise of Chicago's Ravinia Opera, Cincinnati has been the only city in this country to maintain a regular summer season of full-scale grand opera. (Except for a two-year hiatus after the death of its first director, Ralph Lyford, the Cincinnati Opera has never skipped a season.) The 26-year record shows that this is no routine proposition, for the repertory has included such challenging operas as "Parsifal," "Die Meistersinger," "Falstaff" and, this year, "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with the composer, Italo Montemezzi, conducting. Even the St. Louis Municipal Opera, the best advertised and most prosperous enterprise of its kind, limits its schedule to operetta and musical comedy.

Compared with cities which have grown faster, Cincinnati does not change much. As you ride out to the zoo in an old streetcar, half of whose passengers appear to be personal friends of the motorman, or as you take an intermission stroll among the noble old trees, all neatly labeled in Latin and English, you have a comfortable feeling that Cincinnatians are not likely to be stampeded into altering their simple ways for the sake of mere up-to-dateness. The pavilion in which the operas are given enhances this impression. Its stucco-walled stage is a rebuilt band shell. The roof over the audience, supported by slender stilts which leave the sides and rear open to the fresh air, provides an irreducible minimum of comfort in case of bad weather; and the galleries along the side look hauntingly like those of an Ohio River showboat.

It was pushing the antiquarian spirit a bit too far, I thought, to present "Carmen" with the principal singers and dancers uniformly past their prime. But this was no doubt merely a momentary exigency of casting, and once you became accustomed to the sound of tired voices and the sight of languorously unfinished turns, the performance had much to commend itself. Fausto Cleva, musical director of the company and one of the best operatic conductors in America, made the music sound both brilliant and full of sentiment, and the Cincinnati Orchestra in the pit played a rich, flexible accompaniment. The stage settings looked as primitive as the opera house itself; this seemed right, however, for it is only through Cincinnati's willingness to be realistic about budget limitations that the company has been able to keep functioning in these days of high production costs.

Last year's twenty-fifth anniversary booklet contained a disquieting indication that a change may be brewing. Under the heading, "The Future of Summer Opera," a plan was advanced for a 4,000-seat amphitheatre for "outdoor pop concerts, musical revues and musical comedies." Will some promoters succeed in condemning Cincinnati to a conventional, commercialized regime of hack operetta performances, Gershwin nights and relentless repetitions of the second Rachmaninov piano concerto, all screamed over a public-address system? It is hard to believe that Cincinnati will imitate Toledo, Indianapolis and Louisville instead of clinging to its own unique, valuable and altogether charming tradition.

NEW ALBUMS. – A new outfit, Artist Records, makes its bow with a pair of 12-inch records containing three excerpts from Alban Berg's much praised and little performed opera, "Wozzeck." The decadent romantic plot, about a poor dimwit who murders the unwed mother of his child and then drowns himself in what his disordered fancy takes to be a lake of blood, has even less appeal today than when the opera was completed in 1922. The music, however, is original and potent in its dramatic force. Although Berg was a pupil of Arnold Schoenberg, "Wozzeck" sounds more like an exaggeration of late nineteenth-century music than like the atonality of his teacher. The instrumental score is well played by Werner Janssen and his orchestra.

The first five preludes and fugues from Bach's "Well Tempered Clavichord" are now available on the new Concord Recordings (three 12-inch records, $7.19), played with great clarity by Dorothy Lane, harpsichord, but with rather too much effusiveness in the slow movements. . . . Leopold Stokowski, with the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, tortures the life out of the melodies but does a brilliant job with the march-scherzo in Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony (Victor DM-1105, five 12-inch records, $6.50). . . . Subscribers to the Concert Hall limited edition (which you can't get without subscribing) are now rejoicing in a miraculous performance of Bartok's fourth string quartet, one of his masterpieces, and are puzzling over Ray Lev's vigorous but not always musical version of Brahms's early C-major piano sonata, opus 1. CECIL SMITH

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Radio

A Chapter on Fractions

During the several weeks that Saul Carson is on vacation, his radio section will be written by guest columnists expert in various branches of the industry. The guest contributor this week is Ted Cott, Director of Programs and Operations, station WNEW, New York City.

AS AN ex-radio editor of the *New Republic*, it becomes a compliment as well as a chore that Saul Carson asked me to write a summer column. Although I'm a practising merchant of radio, I have no wish to act as attorney for the defense. But I do plan to get down to cases. To me the greatest indictment of radio has not been the FCC Blue Book, the White Report, the trouncing the medium has taken on the best-seller lists, in the movies and from the more "intellectual" magazines. It rests on the peculiar notion that a top radio show earning a Hooper rating of 20 points can stick its thumbs in its vest, throw out its chest, pat itself on the back and loudly proclaim to the world that it's a success.

A program which rises to the estate of a 20 (that's like hitting .400 in the major leagues) seems to forget another positive fact—that 80 percent of the people *aren't* listening to that program. That's quite a shocking percentage. Ten percent may be an agent's dream, and 20 percent a radio star's eldorado, but the remaining 80 percent is still something to be dealt with. Perhaps some new kind of "conscience" ratings could be instituted. A show that has a ten-point rating should be listed as minus 90. A fairly respectable rating of six would be listed as minus 94. King Minus would be the constant prodding of radio's ego; he would symbolize the job that remains to be done. More and more, radio must understand that its obligation to the community is married to its own need for expansion. One hand washes the

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The powerful imagination of this new English writer exerts itself upon an ancient myth, in the fanciful tale *White Horse with Wings*. An oblique view of the Greek resistance to the Nazis, it superimposes an old fable on a modern background.

RALPH BATES

In his probing article, *Spain—Another Greece?*, Bates develops the background of the tangent of forces that is pulling Spain into the future: Franco, the Monarchists, and the Government-in-Exile. His comparison of the courses of Spanish and Greek monarchism lead to a telling conclusion.

Also: *Prospects for '48—Part I*, by Robert Bendiner; *Covenant of Harvard*, by Adolph Meyer; *Saving the Disabled*, by Milton L. Zisowitz; poetry, articles, short stories, book reviews.

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Other Resorts on Page 33

other, but some clear water is needed. Radio has spent its energy competing for the existing audience instead of developing new program interests that will broaden the base of the tuners-in.

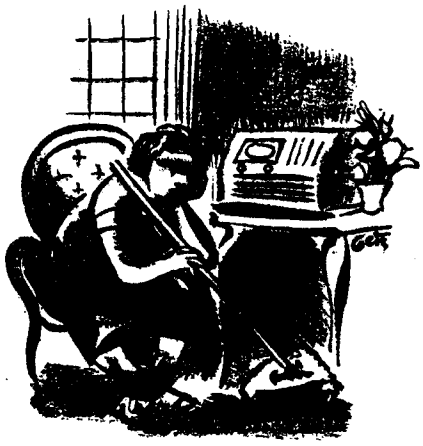
I give you, therefore, Fractional Programming.

Let's start with the premise that radio is a mass medium, that it tries to please, to interest most of the people most of the time. Ipso facto, no one radio station can get all the audience at any one time. Yet some thousand radio stations program their schedules with an eye to getting all the audience; it follows that there arrives a point where most radio programs sound alike. (Perhaps one gives away a more expensive refrigerator than another.) It is now time to build programs of specialized interest. Instead of showing off our Hoopers to one another we should be setting aside a small portion of the schedule for programs that interest fractions of the whole. I'm not suggesting this because it will placate the critics. Frankly, it sounds like good business to me; and radio *is* show business.

MORE people play baseball than chess. It follows that a baseball program will get a bigger audience than a chess show. But suppose you add a chess show to your station's schedule; you then stand to get some people listening to you who never tuned in before.

The Hit Parade tunes have greater appeal than Schubert art songs. But it may still pay you to put on the Schubert for the audience that feeds on that kind of music. And, in the course of indulging their more specialized taste, even they might "discover" that strange minstrel, Bing Crosby.

Everybody might not want to learn French, but a program giving French lessons would appeal to a small group; and how about reading material delivered at progressive speeds for tyro stenographers who need to practise? Stamps are another area of specialized interest; so is photography. And how about dogs—a lot of people like them, and a substantial portion might very well give an ear to a barking announcer. Some people think mathematics is fascinating, and others go in for coins.



It is this area of interests, small but intense, that radio ought to cultivate for richer listening. I should add that I would insist that successful radio techniques be applied to the presentation of these programs, and also caution that these small groups should not expect to get the prime time. It follows, too, that fractional programs can get only a fraction of a station's day on the air. Moreover, the listener who is thus brought into the fold mustn't sneer at the crumb that has been tossed his way and insist on the whole loaf; it would hardly be democratic.

It is important in this connection to point up radio's function as a mass medium. The groups who would be appealed to in my fractional concept are wont to set up a cultural dictatorship, insisting they know what's best and ruling out all other programs. My project doesn't call for pulling the whole house down; it calls for building another story on top of the existing structure.

But minor interests can play a major role in broadening radio's horizons. Let the person served by this new area of service demonstrate his interest by listening and by becoming a press agent for the particular program he likes instead of sniping at those he doesn't. Radio needs fewer critics who don't listen and more listeners who criticize. There's room on the airways for mass and class in proper proportions. Radio is a kilocycle built for two.

TED COTT

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Correspondence

"Shoes for the Sheik"

SIR: I was interested to note in the article, "Something Fell Off the Plane," in the July 7 *New Republic,* the souvenir-hunting mania displayed by our civilized American public. Reading this article brought to mind an experience I had while in the Army ATC in North Africa.

After the crash of an Army C-54 near Biskra, Algeria (and the crash seemed very similar to that of the Eastern Airliner), I was sent to the scene as part of the investigation team. On arriving at the scene a few days after the crash, we found that the leader of the local Arab village had seen the plane crash, and knowing that someone would come to investigate, had placed a guard on the wreck so that the many widely scattered parts would be undisturbed. . . .

When we had completed what investigations we could make, we gave the local Arabs permission to take anything they wished (the plane having been completely demolished), and it was a striking sight to watch an Arab family, with their donkey, trekking away from the wreck, loaded down with scraps of aluminum, a slice of tire, and perhaps an oxygen bottle. One of the main gear tires had been "reserved" for the sheik of the area, who would use it to make sandals for himself and family. . . .

Chicago, Ill. DAVID CHRISTENSEN

CORRECTION

IN ITS August 4 issue, the *New Republic* carried the voting records of Senators and Representatives on major bills in the 80th Congress. A number of early issues contained errors which are listed below for the benefit of those who did not get corrected copies.

HOUSE: No. 9 *On Overriding Labor Bill Veto.* Change to minus—Chenoweth, Hill and Rockwell (Colo.), Hartley (N. J.). Change to zero—Winstead (Miss.). Change to plus—Kelley (Pa.), Norton (N. J.).

SENATE: No. 3 *On Taft-Hartley Act.* Change to plus—Hayden and McFarland (Ariz.), Downey (Calif.), Johnson (Colo.). Change to minus—Fulbright and McClellan (Ark.), Knowland (Calif.), Millikin (Colo.). No. 7 *On Reed-Bulwinkle Bill.* Change to plus—Connally (Tex.). Change to minus—O'Daniel (Tex.). No. 8 *On Wool Tariff.* Change to zero—Thomas (Okla.).

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In November they will read a provocative special number on EDUCATION. The last special on this subject sold out within one month and then was published as a book.

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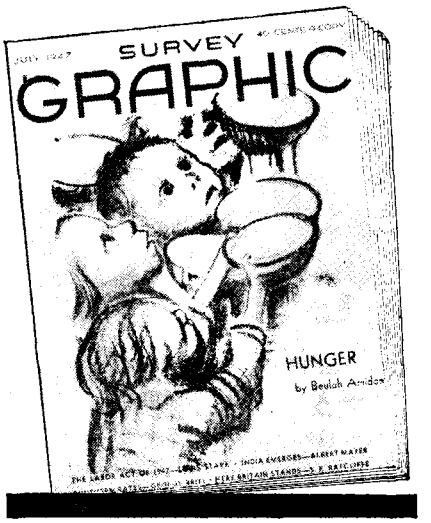

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Movies

The Mixture as Before

THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER" is a nice, clean, sunny old-fashioned farce. It is cheery, and though not particularly my dish of tea, is done well enough to deserve the success undoubtedly in store for it. Dore Schary has given it a beautiful production and Irving Reis has staged it with enthusiasm. The only fault I found with Reis' direction, and it's a noticeable one since it occurs twice, is an episode in which two characters chase each other around a table. The variations are: two girls making the circuit on their feet and two men following each other around on their knees. The device is just a little like showing indecision by pacing up and down in a small area—not excessively imaginative. Otherwise Reis has directed Cary Grant and Myrna Loy so that they appear as charming as they can be. With Shirley Temple very little variation is possible. She is a sweet young girl, the audiences are enchanted by her, and that's that.

The story is simple and stylized; sure-fire stuff guaranteed to do no perceivable harm. It is for the whole family to see, and care has been taken that each scene shall have some appeal for each member. Myrna Loy had a time there, in-between Thin Man movies, when she seemed pretty tired of the whole business. In this movie she is slim, poised and interesting. Cary Grant has now developed a characterization that is constant, fool-proof, engaging, hardy and warranted to be attractive. Ray Collins is the psychiatrist uncle of the sisters Temple and Loy—and Rudy Vallee is the disappointed suitor for Miss Loy's hand. I can't make up my mind what I think of Rudy Vallee as an actor. He seems to me to be all of one light color, both in his conception of the role and actual physical pigment. I'm all for anyone who chooses and is able to switch from being a bandleader to becoming a second lead, and will follow his career as a straight man with some interes The story, written by Sidney Sheldor is of a little girl who falls in love wit a dashing painter who lectures at he school, and of his necessity to pay at tention to her or go to jail. At Ne York's Radio City Music Hall th audience laughed so hard I misse many of the lines.

SAM LEVENE'S death scenes on th screen currently impress me wit a greater impact and awe than thos of anyone else. If an actor has con sistently to die—let him be Levene But may it soon occur to Hollywoo that there is a conceivable limit; it i disconcerting to think of Levene bein beaten to death quite so often I "Crossfire," reviewed here last week Levene was slugged to death becaus of his religion. In "Brute Force" h plays a reporter in prison, a forme newspaperman (perhaps fresh out o the editorial offices that figured i "Boomerang"), who gets manacled t a chair and third-degreed by Hum Cronyn to the accompaniment of som wonderful music which I was too dis couraged to try to identify at the time I think I understand the unfortunat policy of directors and producers— both in the movies and in the dramati radio shows—of using the same peopl most of the time for a given purpose They like to hand over a part to some one who knows it—who has thoroughl done it and who can easily find his wa through a sequence in which he ha

SAM LEVENE

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come to specialize. This situation gives you the old nausea of "Oh dear, here we go again." One week a prominent actor was in three or four movies playing simultaneously on Broadway. This happens often enough to wear down to the very nub the long arm of coincidence.

Levene is here mortally mauled because he refuses to betray his friends, and because the degenerate prison police captain *likes* torturing prisoners very much indeed. This picture marks the reappearance of the rubber-hose, heretofore relegated, I had thought, for years and years, to some gigantic prop shelf. Come to think of it, the feeling about Levene is true also for "Brute Force" as a whole. Scratch a good producer who rightly admired "The Last Mile" in 1930 and you are apt to find, especially if he has recently made a successful gangster movie, a prison story.

This particular prison story is loaded with types. I've never seen so many excellent male actors in one jail in my life. It has interesting shots of prison routines and offices and mechanisms; it shows how involved politically a clink can get; a great variety of weapons is used in it. But when it is over you may wonder why it was made at all. If it reflects actual conditions in one of our penitentiaries I would thank those responsible to say so. If it was made, as I suspect, merely for "thrills," it is dismaying, since the convicts are portrayed as heroes, with the exception of two stool-pigeons who are informers for the incompetent, villainous representatives of the law. "Brute Force" is made with care and it is pictorially good. Art Smith gives an often moving performance as the prison doctor whose compassion and disillusionment make it necessary for him to be drunk most of the time. But the other potentially good characterizations—such as Hume Cronyn's or Charles Bickford's—are not convincing because the story is not written or directed convincingly. "Brute Force" is produced by Mark Hellinger, directed by Jules Dassin and the screen play written by Richard Brooks (based on a story by Robert Patterson).

SHIRLEY O'HARA

Bandwagon

Woman's Place

At Ibn Saud's request Mrs. Bolton [Republican Congresswoman from Ohio] called on the Queen and dined with her in the harem. For the event, she donned harem dress. She thinks this is the kind of interesting experience that women generally would have if they took a hand in running the country as well as their homes. – *From an INS report.*

Light for the Heathen

Alone and unarmed, a 39-year-old Capuchin priest intends to penetrate the tangled jungle of western Venezuela to convert the wild Motilon Indians to civilized ways. . . . Padre Armellada's project is supported by the Creole Petroleum Corporation, which has oil concessions in Motilon territory. – *AP dispatch from Caracas.*

It Could Happen Here

DEMOCRATIC COUP IN TURKEY IS FEARED

– *head in the Sacramento* Bee.

Mission Completed

During the remainder of the stay of the Goodwill Mission from America there will be extra patrols out in the West End to see that there is no further trouble. – *From the London (England)* Star.

Frustration

"The law is particularly good for tenants also," . . . [Mrs. Carl Henkelmann, chairman of the Lincoln Apartment House Owners' Association] asserted. "Previously many occupants who desired to pay more for their accommodations had been denied this privilege by the OPA." – *From the Lincoln (Nebraska)* Star.

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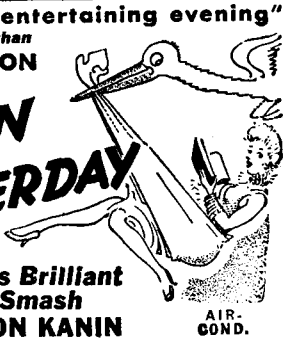
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